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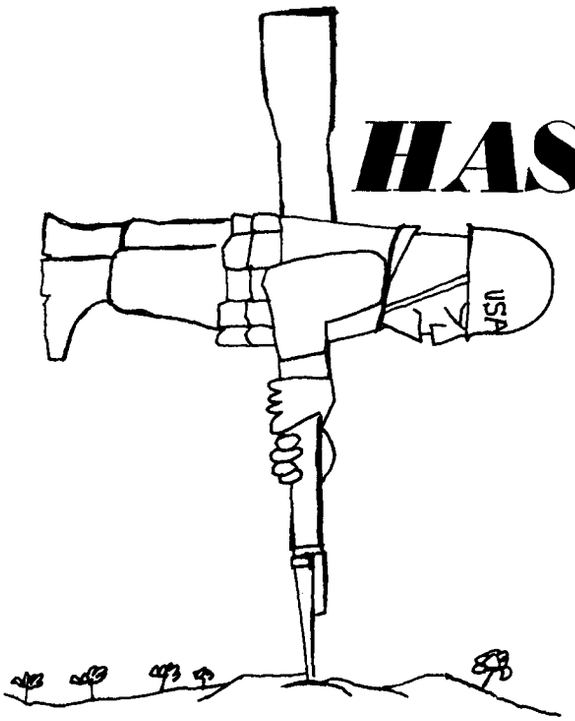
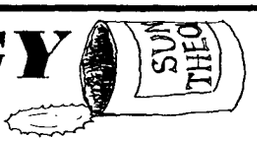


HAS GOD BEEN DRAFTED?

The chaplains, the military & religious instruction

Gordon Zahn
Frank Getlein
Philip Nobile

TOWARD A THEOLOGY OF GARBAGE



Marjorie O'Rourke Boyle

'GRADUATE' RECLASSIFIED

Tom S. Reck

REPORTS ON CHILE, DESTALINIZATION, WORKER-PRIESTS, BISHOPS AT THE ASTRODOME

BOOKS: STENDHAL, LENIN, AGEE, THE NEW YORK TEACHERS STRIKE

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NEWS AND VIEWS

If anyone remains who cannot understand the agitation on campus and the distress among sensitive scientists over the co-opting of university research by the military, let him glance at *The University-Military Complex*, a 60-page booklet newly published by the North American Congress on Latin America.

The booklet provides descriptions on 40 military research organizations and a catalogue of government-sponsored projects at over 100 universities and research institutes. Most of the projects are enough to make hair stand on end.

Like, Illinois Institute of Technology Research Institute's study "on aerosol dissemination of infectious microorganisms, particularly Venezuelan equine encephalomyelitis virus and Q-fever rickettsiae."

And, the University of Minnesota's project for the Army to determine "the virulence of various strains of Puccina graminis tritici, a fungus which attacks wheat."

There are pressures on universities these days over their liaison with the military, but, as Michael Klare points out in his introduction to the booklet, the university-military relationship is not in jeopardy. Defense laboratories (e.g., Columbia and Cornell) are merely removed from university control and re-organized as autonomous non-profit research organizations on the model of the RAND Corporation, whence they can live happily ever after—maybe.

•

All sorts of comfortable assumptions are slipping down the drain as the results filter out on studies into American youth, 1969.

The American Council on Education, working with a data-bank on 300,000 freshmen at 350 colleges, bolsters the welter of conclusions about protest-prone students coming not from the raggedy edges of society, but coming from the genteel homes of the affluent and well-educated. Further, the ACE report finds these students high in originality, interested in artistic pursuits, and, generally, intellectually superior.

By the same token, Berkeley psychologist Dr. Edward E. Sampson, working with files of draft resisters and ROTC cadets, finds the draft resister less self-centered than the ROTC student, more mature socially and possessed of strong feelings of moral and personal responsibility for his own actions and those of his country. (The ROTC student programs in Sampson's study as morally conventional, one who sees himself as "an agent of traditional institutions.")

As for the All-American Boy, the star athlete—forget him. Socially, he's back in the blacking factory period. Phil Levy spears him in *The Old Mole*, underground newspaper at Harvard: "He is too often seen leading the charge on student demonstrators at Columbia or Wisconsin. He opposes demands made by black athletes. He wears his hair close cropped, like a Marine, and finds long hair subversive."

The attitude obviously carries over to the athlete's professional career, if the comments of Tommy John of the Chicago White Sox mean anything.

"I hope you notice I don't wear my hair long anymore," said John, a reformed individualist. "After what I saw back at school, I don't even want to be mistaken for those guys—the clenched fist, the disrespect for the flag, and all that."

Virtue is still rewarded in America. John pitched a four-hit shutout in his season's debut April 9.

•

Senator Gaylord Nelson picked an appropriate day for introducing a bill to establish a national commission to cope with the pesticide problem: April 14, the fifth anniversary of the death of Rachel Carson.

It was Rachel Carson's book *Silent Spring*, recall, which dramatized the dangers of DDT and other persistent pesticides, and which finally got the country thinking seriously about the indiscriminate use of these poisons.

The timing of the pesticide bill was no accident on Nelson's part. Nelson, who's been advocating a nationwide ban on DDT for years, cited the Carson book in his Senate speech and recalled some of the controversy surrounding the volume.

Rachel Carson, of course, was widely attacked by house-scientists on grounds of inadequate proof for the dangers she warned against. The fact is, said Nelson, she seems to have understated her case.

When one reads of the New York Department of Health warning upstate fishermen against pesticide deposits in lake trout; of the federal Food and Drug Administration impounding 28,150 pounds of contaminated Lake Michigan Coho salmon; of the bald eagle and the peregrine falcon nearing extinction because of pesticides in the environment, one can credit Nelson's worries.

Alarmed over the "unmistakable" harm being caused to nature, Sweden recently ordered a two-year ban on DDT and related pesticides, so that research could be conducted into their effects on plant and animal life.

Research is also one of the features of the Nelson bill, and, in fact, a principal reason for favorable action in its regard. More than 600 million pounds of pesticides are presently being used annually in the U.S.—about three pounds for every man, woman and child. Given those amounts, it isn't just plant and animal life to be concerned about.

•

Latinamerica Press, English-language news service out of Lima, Peru, reports wide dismay in Brazilian lay circles over the choice of Archbishop Vincente Scherer of Porto Alegre for the red hat.

Scherer has publicly accused Catholic Action leaders and some clergy of assuming the role of Communists, and is rated the strongest opponent in the Brazilian hierarchy of the Catholic Action organization.

Observers place Scherer squarely in the camp of Brazil's ruling military clique, which since coming to power last December has been busily arresting Catholics of liberal bent. JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Rosemary's New Church

Notre Dame

To the Editors: I think that your editorial "Specter on Campus" [April 11] was good on the whole, although I think it missed the philosophical reason why many otherwise sympathetic observers are unable to embrace the programme of the New Left.

Rosemary Ruether put it succinctly, in another context, to be sure, in her excellent "A New Church?" [April 4]. Beginning with a projection of radical transformation of existing structures, all too often political revolutionaries produce a new order just as oppressive as the old, but more efficient. Such, for instance, the France of Napoleon I or the Russian state today. Were they to make their revolution, I fear SDS and other militant activists would fall into the same pit. They are diametrically opposed in their orientation to the current power structures, granted, but they are also as doctrinaire in their beliefs as it in its. Much of the current tension in the Church can be traced to the unconscionable arrogance of fallible men proclaiming the unchanging rectitude of structure, dogma and discipline at a given span in time and freezing it out of the general evolution of society. These antiquated trappings have generated most of the current unrest. I feel the situation would be the same were the New Left to come into tangible power. What good would it do to replace one power structure with another? One authoritarianism with another?

I think that we need a strong and vigorous left to ensure a genuine dialogue and a measure of relevant change. In the larger sense, though, I would be dubious of the outcome of its triumph. It is precisely its quixotic quest for a New World that is its strength and fatal flaw. DENNIS M. POWERS

Milford, Del.

To the Editors: My over-all reaction to "A New Church" by Rosemary Rue-

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LITTLE AND LATE

The Pope can't win. Recently, for example, he ordered the simplification of the dress of cardinals to meet "the changing circumstances of the times." Was his pronouncement greeted with cheers, even mild ones? Hardly—indeed, no one we know seemed to care one way or the other. And all concerned with the reform of the Church might well ponder on this massive lack of interest.

Many concerned with Church renewal have long argued for a return to a gospel-like simplicity in ecclesiastical life. This is not because they do not have as much appreciation for history and the grandeur of Rome as the next man, but simply because they think it imperative that the Church be stripped of Constantinian trappings. Heaven knows it is colorful to have the members of the Pope's entourage look like a medieval tableau, but the fact that they do look this way makes it all too easy to dismiss the Church itself as just one more vast anachronism.

All this being so, why did everyone (except perhaps the newly appointed cardinals) greet the Pope's words with a yawn? Because, of course, it is simply too late for his gesture to mean much. What might have seemed a very significant step even five years ago now seems like a minor and meaningless move, given the nature of present thinking in the Church. Pope Paul eliminated the traditional "red hat" in simplifying the cardinals' garb; some of the best thinkers in the Church, however, say that the entire College of Cardinals is out of date and that its only function, the task of electing a new pope, should be turned over to the world's bishops. Under these circumstances, the Pope's gesture is almost provocative.

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The Pope is not alone among Church leaders in missing the boat, it hardly needs to be said. On the American Catholic scene, for example, intellectuals for years raised the question of whether the parochial school was worth the money it cost and indeed whether it really contributed substantially to turning out informed Catholics. Wouldn't the vast sums devoted to parochial schools be better spent in other ways, the question was, and it was to this discussion that Mary Perkins Ryan made such a significant contribution with her *Are Parochial Schools the Answer?* Nevertheless, the real powers in American Catholicism—the bishops—never seemed to take the debate seriously; certainly they never got into it publicly. In those days one got no impression that those inside the Establishment really appreciated the strength of the argument that Catholic education could be given better and cheaper in other ways. With few exceptions they were unswerving in their support of the parochial school —in fact, often of total education from cradle to grave under Catholic auspices. All of this on principle, of course. Then costs went up, money got tight, and immediately principle started to crumble. Now grades and schools are being phased out all over the country, and the onlooker is left with the uneasy feeling that decisions on the schools are being made purely on a pragmatic basis and with absolutely no reference to the debate of a few years ago.

Much the same kind of comment can be made about the fact that "respectable" voices have recently been urging principals and administrators to make full disclosure of the finances of the parochial school. Obviously they should do this, and so should every parish and diocese, for that matter. However, "rebel" laymen have been saying this for years. Why have semi-official voices joined the chorus at this late date? For no reason, we fear, except that the powers-that-be now want to prove that the schools are in financial trouble and need more aid, from parents and—let it be whispered—from the state and federal government.

Or take the question of the priesthood. No one is exactly sure how many priests have left the active ministry in the last few years, but everyone agrees that the number is substantial and that celibacy is a big part of the problem. It was for this reason that the bishops two years ago set up a Commission for the Study of Priestly Life and Ministry, intended to study all aspects of the priesthood, including the question of celibacy. Without waiting for a report from this Commission, however, and without bringing in experts for full-scale discussion, the bishops chose the occasion of this meeting to reiterate unanimously their allegiance to mandatory clerical celibacy. What to do then about the fact that priests are leaving, that the number of seminarians has declined by 12 percent in the last three years and that the total was down 27 percent in the last decade? Simple enough: the bishops voted to establish a "national vocations center" which will encourage recruitment to the priesthood. Cheer up, though: the bishops assured all concerned that their positive endorsement of mandatory celibacy was not to be taken as interfering with the work of the Commission studying the question; heavens no, their action was taken completely "without prejudice to the work and purposes" of the Commission. If any members of that group feel undercut, it is all their imagination.

Or, to take a final and perhaps even more damning example, consider the announcement at the bishops' recent meeting that $750,000 had been set aside for a clinic to study various aspects of human reproduction—with its first assignment, naturally, to discover means to make the rhythm system of family planning more effective. Will the clinic do good work? No doubt. But again priests and laymen concerned about the birth control issue for years pleaded for research to make rhythm more workable. Nobody in power paid any attention. Now for most Catholics in the child-bearing age the issue has been settled, and not, we think, in the direction of rhythm either. So the question remains: where were the bishops with their clinic (and phasing out the parochial school, disclosure of finances, consideration of celibacy, etc., etc.) when we needed them?

In short, when a giant step is called for, a tiny move forward may be worse than nothing. And even if a giant step is taken, it will do little good if it comes years too late. For Pope and bishops, religious superiors and college presidents alike, the moral, we think, is clear.

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American Bishops In Astrodome City

Houston

The semi-annual meeting of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops in Astrodome city began in an encouraging way, with its president, cardinal-designate John F. Dearden of Detroit, pledging that "persons, not institutions, are our concern." Bishops, he asserted, "must be attuned" to the plea of anguished Catholics, "even if the tone is strident" or the words "rude and demanding." The Church, he emphasized, must be ready to change those of its man-made institutions not suited to the times.

The accomplishments of the meeting, however, were more cautious than might have been hoped from the prelate's opening address. The dominant tone was conservative rather than progressive.

Three steps taken were clearly in relation to the demands of major pressure groups. One involved the rule of clerical celibacy; another concerned a proposal by Negro Catholics for the establishment of a black secretariat; the third was a response to the clamor for mea-

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sures to ensure due process in religious disputes.

Regarding the first demand, the bishops said "No" in definite terms to priests and others who are seeking to have celibacy put on an optional basis. The bishops approved a resolution reaffirming their recommitment to celibacy, an action that seemed as redundant as the language used in the document to describe it. Two years ago, the bishops passed a similar resolution of recommitment to preservation of the unmarried state for clergy in the Western Church, and set up a committee to study priestly life and ministry, an inquiry in which celibacy was to be considered in a broad context. Another statement at this time only served to bare their concern over the growing demands for a change in the rule.

To the special pleas of black Catholics, the bishops were sympathetic. They voted to "move in the direction" of establishing a central office which the black Catholic clergy caucus had proposed. Possibly regional offices would be set up also. The purpose of these would be to provide an outlet for the articulation of the needs, desires and interests of black Catholics. The effect of the bishops' action will be to set in motion studies of the practical means for setting up a black center.

A similar step was taken in regard to due process. The bishops voted to support "experimentation with workable procedures and the prompt implementation" at all levels of "well-conceived plans for the greater protection of human rights and freedom within the Church." There has been a strong drive for such machinery, especially from the National Federation of Priests' Councils.

To Catholics faced with the present long and cumbersome marriage-annulment procedures, the bishops offered some hope of relief. They approved 26 changes designed to simplify and speed up the process. These, of course, will have to be approved in Rome before they can be activated. As proposed by the conference, an annulment case would be completed within six months instead of the present two years or more. One judge would be required instead of three. The petitioner's attorney would be a part of the court from the beginning, with freedom for the first time to question witnesses, a right reserved now for the defender.

One interesting development in Houston, reflecting increasing insistence of Catholics on knowing what is going on inside the Church, was a resolution to consider the feasibility of disclosing church financial records, particularly at the diocesan level.

At the last session, Cardinal-designate Terence J. Cooke of New York rose to suggest that the bishops conduct a low-keyed educational campaign to counteract strong efforts from various quarters to put the tax bite on church properties. He recommended emphasizing the advantages to society of tax exemption of the churches. But he urged condemnation of churches that use tax exemption as a cover for practices that would jeopardize the exempt status—namely in connection with "unrelated business income." His remarks met a widely-favorable response.

One area in which the conference tried to make some change, but without really giving up anything, was that of press relations. Up to now the National Conference of Catholic Bishops has been the sole major national religious organization that opened none of its sessions to the press. A token change was made at Houston. The press was invited to sit in with the bishops each morning for an address by one of the prelates. After the talk the meeting would be recessed to "allow" reporters to leave. No reporter was permitted to hear any debate.

Far more important than the presence of reporters for these speeches was an evening "dialogue" between press and bishops which provoked lively but good-natured exchange. The bishops made it clear that they still do not want the press to hear their discussions. They fear misrepresentation or misunderstanding at home, and they clearly just do not want to be put on the spot. However, the moves toward the press, while slight, mark one more stage in the development of a vast change of attitude toward the news media which has taken place in the conference and its predecessor organization in the past few years. While there is still far to go to satisfy the news media, present arrangements for the press are immensely different from the total freeze-out that existed before Vatican II. At least there are press briefings, given under the sensitive and sure guidance of Bishop James Shannon, as well as daily press panels.

In Cardinal Dearden's own summary of the Houston meeting, special emphasis was placed on approval which the conference gave to the last in a series of interim guidelines for renewal in seminaries. These are designed to broaden the scope of seminary formation beyond the strictly academic range. The bishops insist on pastoral orientation of the whole of seminary formation. Provision is made for theological centers operating in close contact with other disciplines and for professional programs directed toward the ministry, as distinct from programs for the preparation of teachers and scholars.

NEXT WEEK

Commonweal celebrates the rites of Spring Books with a special literary issue. John Heidenry, a young critic making his first appearance in these pages, writes in a Nabokovian way on Nabokov's new novel —*Ada.* Raymond Schroth, S.J., exegetes Norman Mailer's extant works. John Steinbeck is remembered by Wilson and Nancy McWilliams.

Saul Maloff's "Writers and Writing" feature reviews Carlos Baker's *Ernest Hemingway.*

For non-fiction, there is Frederick Franck on the Jesuits in Holland.

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Overhanging the Houston meeting was something that took place before it opened. This was the delivery of a report to the trustees of Catholic University of America by a board of inquiry that investigated the propriety of the action taken by university theologians who publicized a statement of dissent from Pope Paul's birth control encyclical last summer. This report emphatically exonerated the theologians and defended their academic rights in ringing terms. Their supporters, however, felt that the report had been tactless, to say the least, in criticizing the trustees sharply and in repudiating all control of bishops, on whom the school is dependent. There was apprehension of the possible effects of the document on efforts to raise money so badly needed by the school. At present Catholic University is more than one million dollars short of contributions pledged by dioceses over the country.

WELDON WALLACE

(Weldon Wallace is a reporter for the Baltimore Sun *specializing in religion.)*

Frei's Revolution in Suspended Animation

Santiago de Chile

Practically all of Latin America is now living either directly under military juntas of varying degrees of harshness (from the execrable Brazilian to the more "traditional" Paraguayan variety) or on sufferance of the military. Chile constitutes one of the very few exceptions and has enjoyed, with very brief lapses, constitutional liberties and a tradition of free elections going back for generations. Thus, the results of the tranquil elections held here on March 2 to elect a new 150-member Chamber of Deputies and 30 of the 50-member Senate should interest liberal North Americans.

As this was the third nationwide election in four years, one can see trends fairly clearly. One obvious result is that the minor splinter parties were eliminated leaving "only" five for future voters to choose from. This underscores the fact that Chileans vote for parties and platforms not "for the man," and some well-known politicians were put out of political action March 2 because they were associated with mini-parties. The ruling Christian Democrats (PDC) lost popularity as evidenced in its 31 percent share of the vote compared with 42 percent in 1965 and 35.5 percent two years ago (in the election of local government officials). The other dominant trend was the increase in votes for the traditional Right (Partido Nacional), which went up from 14 percent in 1967 to 21 percent. The Communists ran third (16.5 percent) while both the Socialists and Radicals declined. Now all the politicians are looking forward to the 1970 presidential contest and trying to ascertain the combinations of parties and platforms that could realize a winning plurality. Few party leaders seem disturbed by the unusually high abstention (29 percent) or have heeded President Frei's post-election statement, that although elections are "a fundamental process in a democracy they distract attention of public opinion which, inevitably, has to return to basic problems."

The basic problems facing Chile are still (and above all) inflation, an economy which has stagnated for two years, the necessity of a far-reaching constitutional reform so as to expedite coherent legislation, an overhauling of the archaic and almost bankrupt social security system, and, more immediately, coping with the consequences of last year's disastrous drought.

Most disinterested observers can see that since 1965 the PDC has attempted, and in varying degrees, succeeded in carrying out a great part of its "Revolution in Liberty" program. Every child, up to age 14 at least, is enrolled in a school, the housing shortage has been alleviated (if not solved), the country's trade balance is favorable, and production of the big hard-currency earner, copper, has soared. Further accomplishments can be suggested, such as the laws legalizing and encouraging farm workers' unions, which together with the Agrarian Reform are revolutionizing the countryside. In the slum areas, so evident around the large cities, efforts are being made to form cohesive communities through such devices as legalizing Neighborhood Councils and encouraging local efforts to build decent housing ("Operacion Sitio"). And yet the PDC vote declined considerably. (It should be noted, however, that it now has 23 Senators and 55 deputies and will be in a stronger position to carry out the President's programs.)

An "irrational" cause, but one that figures, is that elections take place the first Sunday in March—this year immediately after summer holidays when Chileans were feeling the pinch and putting away what little money they had left after vacation for taxes (April 1 deadline) and buying school uniforms and texts for their children. In addition, inflation is always at its worst the first two months of any year (over 10 percent increase in cost of living for January and February this year). More basically, the bureaucracy so endemic to Chile and Latin America irritates, and the PDC is no different from other parties in filling the many government departments with time-servers who take a filled form as evidence of an action successfully completed. As the PDC is ruling alone, it, naturally, receives the brickbats. Then again, the government party spent lavishly on its campaign without, as one columnist put it, "taking care of appearances." Large elements of the middle class went to the Right in protest. Especially frightening to the small shopkeeper is the PDC commitment to a "non-capitalist way" for Chile. The feebly organized *poblaciones* (poor, but not slum, neighborhoods), seemingly Frei's "natural" constituency, stayed home presumably despairing over tentative family

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budgets in the face of galloping inflation.

All the parties in Chile seem to be more concerned with slogans ("non-capitalist way" "forward with Ché" *etc.*) and with alliances than with concrete programs. To be a congressman means a good income (and retirement pension after only one term) and being in a position to "help" people, including themselves, as witness the huge increase in "allowances" Congress voted itself just before adjournment with only the Communists, to their credit, voting against. The growing feeling that "all they want is my vote" accounts for an increasing apathy with party politics demonstrated in the high abstention as well as the ominous increase in pro-Alessandri sentiment in all sectors.

Ex-President Jorge Alessandri is now the rallying point for conservatives and the swelling number of apoliticals who would like to go back to a *laissez faire* paternalistic regime, ignoring the fact that Chile is, for better or worse, a *party*-oriented country and that a government without a workable party coalition is chaotic (as it was from 1958-64 under Alessandri himself). The reforms of the past four years are irrevocable—including the tax reforms. In an inflationary economy, sentimentalists see golden ages in the past and are unaware that the price stability from 1960-62 was paid for in foreign loans of over $1 billion at onerous terms. Given this, all the left parties, including the PDC and Radicals, are seeking ways to block an Alessandri election in 1970.

All looked well to government officials inside the PDC as they surveyed the results of the elections. Almost all the *"rebeldes"* and other leftists within the Party who were looking to the Marxist groups for a 1970 alliance went down to defeat. Almost all President Frei's supporters within the Party won. Had this election been held two weeks later the situation might well have been reversed.

On March 9, impatient families in the southern town of Puerto Montt, led by a newly elected Socialist deputy, attempted forceably to seize some unoccupied private property to build homes on. The usually calm carabineros lost their nerve when attacked and killed eight and seriously wounded 27. The repercussions of this tragedy were swift, as this is definitely not "standard operating procedure" in Chile. The Marxists were not slow in pointing out that such brutality was not used when a PDC deputy led a similar demonstration not long ago in the same region. All the efforts of the astute leader of Frei's party, Renan Fuentealba, could not obviate the fact that the youth, union and peasant sectors were furious and attacking the President's Interior Minister more harshly, according to the latter, than even the Socialists and Communists were attacking him.

Thus, politically, Chile (and its ruling party) is in a state of suspended animation. The President hopes to make his last 20 months, months of consolidation of past reforms and to push for new ones. Even with all the present uncertainty there are very few *chilenos* who would prefer to live in any other Latin American country. Here there is change—and hope. DONALD D. RANSTEAD

(Donald D. Ranstead is an American teaching and writing in Chile.)

The Ins and Outs Of De-Stalinization

Despite invasion of Czechoslovakia and other setbacks sustained of late by Soviet "moderates," there are signs that they still have political muscle. The failure of the Berlin crisis to escalate to its anticipated crescendo and the cold shoulder given East Germany's Walter Ulbricht on his latest Moscow visit suggest that the conservative hardliners may have lost some ground. Incidents on the border with China may have played a hand in this, by encouraging the Politburo to cut its risks on other fronts.

In any case, the unsettled state of Soviet politics has been reaffirmed by *Pravda*'s publication of passages from a new novel critical of Stalin's wartime role. This break in the moratorium on "de-Stalinization" was all the more unexpected in that the author is Mikhail Sholokhov, who in the past few years has been advocating the same kind of repression in literature that Stalin stood for. Yet it is clear that *Pravda*'s action was more than a passing anomaly, for two top-rank leaders have also chosen to re-open the enumeration of Stalin's shortcomings and in a context that hints at a softer line toward West Germany, whose "threat" has been a major talking-point of Kremlin "hawks."

The "hawk-dove" dichotomy is of course an over-simplification when applied to the Politburo, where differences evidently relate more to methods than objectives. Any hope that the latest *volte-face* on Stalin might herald a new era of domestic liberalism has been largely dashed by simultaneous reports of a new blow to Soviet reformers: the arrest in Latvia of the intrepid and colorful Ivan Antonovich Yakhimovich. Back in 1964, Khrushchev's last year in power, Yakhimovich—then a 34-year-old philologist turned model collective-farm chairman—was being lionized by the press for his noble qualities; *Komsomolskaya Pravda* spoke out in his defense against those vested interests who regarded his appearance (black leather jacket, cowboy pants, beret and beard) as "suspicious." His troubles began last year after his "duty as a Communist" led him to write to a Politburo member (Suslov) to complain about censorship and writers' trials, with the admonition "Have the courage to correct the mistakes that have been made, before the workers and peasants take a hand in the affair. . . ." His subsequent expulsion from the Party and dismissal from work did not prevent Yakhimovich (a husband and father)

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from remaining in the forefront of dissent, including a protest on behalf of those convicted last winter for a peaceable Red Square demonstration against the Czechoslovak occupation.

The USSR remains essentially a country that is moving both backward and forward. On balance, the retrograde tide has seemed to prevail recently, with use of military force to subdue Communist liberals in Eastern Europe and a massive propaganda campaign at home to rekindle Cold War neuroses. This has set the stage for arrest and harassment of domestic non-conformists of all stripes, in the name of "struggle against ideological enemies." Yet the regime's repressions have been marked (as have the actions of its armies in Czechoslovakia) by a curious gingerliness, an apparent desire to minimize direct confrontation.

The man who is perhaps the biggest political liability in this regard, the novelist Solzhenitsyn, remains at liberty in the provincial town of Ryazan, despite last fall's ominous accusations in Party quarters that he had been acting "illegally." On Solzhenitsyn's fiftieth birthday last December, hundreds of messages from well-wishers abroad were dutifully forwarded to him by the Moscow post office. So far, though, the official *Literary Gazette* has refused to publish his letter of gratitude to admirers. ". . . I promise them never to betray the truth. My only dream is to be worthy of the hopes of the Russia that reads."

One hears that the nuclear physicist Andrey Sakharov, author of last summer's subterranean essay condemning ideological barriers to international cooperation, has been reprimanded and stripped of various posts, but is otherwise untouched. It is speculated that foreign interest in the fate of both these men may have helped them. As the drama of individual dissenters is played out, clandestine writings continue to circulate in manuscript or on home tape-recordings (sometimes made from Russian-language broadcasts from abroad of forbidden works of Soviet authors). The more open manifestations of unrest have been quelled but the ferment of ideas continues, biding its time and building up the kind of body of thought that is the essential ingredient of political movements.

Meanwhile, the non-Russian nationalities show signs of a new awakening. A Party spokesman in remote Uzbekistan has now confirmed what had been the subject of much conjecture ever since last August, that the Czech heresy's disturbing impact on minority nationalisms within the USSR was a factor in Moscow's assessment of its moves. The Ukraine, bordering on Czechoslovakia and with a size, population and heavy industry rivaling those of France, has been a particular focus. One of its literary critics, Ivan Dzyuba, recently compiled a book-length indictment of "Russification" which—although published only in the West—cannot be disregarded in Party quarters; it is couched in impeccable Marxist-Leninist arguments, and manages to be anti-centralist without denigrating Russians as people.

From the Baltic Republics to Siberia to the millenial cultures of the Caucasus and Central Asia indications are abundant that the USSR is now being swept by the same tide of rising ethnic expectations that has changed the rest of the world's map in past decades. Neglect by various post-Stalinist leaderships of the Soviet Union's ideological cement has facilitated the trend. The seriousness of the present situation is reflected in predictions that by the time of next year's census the Russians' lagging birth-rate may make them numerically inferior to the other peoples, a minority in their own country.

The current rulers' best hope of riding out these political storms is a steady rise in living-standards for the mass of citizens whose wants are more material than political. Failure to provide this will only intensify the crisis. Even one bad harvest—a better-than-average possibility this year unless the effects of an inclement early season can be overcome—could have major repercussions, as at the time of Khrushchev's downfall. Ironically, today's Brezhnev-Kosygin-Podgorny team finds itself beset by survivals of precisely the same unsolved problems for which it ousted Khrushchev five years ago, from domestic dissatisfaction to fragmentation of Eastern Europe to collisions with Peking to rebellion elsewhere in the world Communist movement, all coupled with the pang of failure to win foreign-policy victories.

The regime's ultimate ability to deploy massive force either at home or abroad is incontestable. Getting the necessary consensus within the eleven-man Politburo on ways and means is another matter. Months after last January's assassination attempt at the Kremlin wall, the leadership is apparently still unable to agree even on a public explanation of that mysterious event.

JAMES CRITCHLOW

(James Critchlow, a previous contributor, is an authority on Soviet affairs.)

Worker-Priests In Jurisdictional Dispute

Paris

The recent collective resignation of the twelve priests in charge of the *Mission de France*—eight council members and four regional directors—in protest against those who oppose their "interdiocesan missionary status" is a sign of the dangerous hardening of the institutional arteries of the French Church.

The *Mission de France* was founded in 1942 by Cardinal Suhard as an association of secular priests with an exclusively missionary vocation. It was often the object

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of suspicion and attack by Rome, especially in the early fifties, until it was given a canonical status by Piux XII in 1954. Possessing its own seminary and cycle of studies, the association is headed by a prelate chosen by Rome, who acts as intermediary between the priests of the *Mission de France* and the French episcopate. A contract signed by this prelate and a given diocese puts a certain number of priests at the disposal of the bishop "to work in those missionary situations where the local clergy are insufficient." These priests can be assimilated neither to the diocesan clergy—since their status is interdiocesan—nor to the religious orders—since they are directly responsible to the local Ordinary during their stay in his diocese.

Working in the most dechristianized sectors, the priests of the *Mission de France* soon realized that in order to communicate with the people they were sent to evangelize they had to identify themselves as closely as possible with them, and many of the priests took jobs. At the present time, of the 400 priests of the association a third are active in working-class milieux; a quarter in rural areas; 35 priests in specialized work (hospitals, hotels, shipping, industry, scientific research, etc.); 23 in North Africa; 12 in West Africa; and 9 in Latin America. More than half of them work part or full-time.

Owing to its unique position of being independent of the individual bishops and of Rome, the *Mission de France* was able to elaborate a specific role for its members, that of an interdiocesan missionary apostolate, carried out on a national, or even international scale. The advantages of this position are numerous: mobility; diversity; long-term planning; the possibility of going where the need is greatest; the pooling of experiences, etc. And Vatican Council II was to supply ample justification for this vision, with its stress on episcopal collegiality and the *catholic* dimension of the priesthood. In the statement they published to explain their resignation the priests say, "With the Council, we had hoped that our situation would be clarified and our future less beset with problems. Our role is in fact directly linked to the collective missionary responsibility of the French episcopate."

The autonomy which the *Mission de France* enjoys, however, is more theoretical than actual, since the association depends on the goodwill and cooperation of the bishops, collectively and individually, and also on the cooperation of the local clergy, of the Catholic Action movements, of diocesan structures—in a word, its day-to-day activity is caught up in the mesh of the existential ecclesiastical structures. And there's the rub.

Collectively, and after a long, heated debate, the plenary assembly of the French bishops, held last November at Lourdes, adopted a certain number of resolutions recognizing the special status of the *Mission de France* and accepting the principle that it should draw up an interdiocesan missionary policy, to be submitted to the individual bishops. But individually, many bishops refuse what they consider to be unwarranted meddling in the running of their dioceses and simply consider the *Mission de France* as a useful "pool" to be dipped into when their own clerical resources run dry. In their statement the priests complain that "at the present moment the decisions arrived at at Lourdes cannot be put into practice freely. They are the object of continual questioning and bickering at the local level. The underlying missionary policy is often refused and even the validity of the votes taken at Lourdes is called into question."

The work of the *Mission de France* is hampered at the diocesan level by members of religious orders, jealous of their rights, by various diocesan organizations, unwilling to allow this category of priests to escape their jurisdiction, and finally by certain Catholic Action movements, who are suspicious of any missionary activity which refuses to give pride of place to the lay leaders. But perhaps the most determined rival of the *Mission de France* is the *Mission ouvrière*, a missionary association whose task is to coordinate the working-class apostolate, both at the national level and in each "working-class sector," i.e., Catholic Action; priests, nuns and religious at work; parish activities, etc. Established in 44 dioceses, the *Mission ouvrière* is run by priests and laymen and is jealous of its specific domain. It argues that an overall missionary policy, concerned equally with the different social milieux —like that of the *Mission de France*—does not allow the Church to become implanted in a given milieu (in this case among the workers). The *Mission de France*, on the other hand, drawing from the experience of its worker-priests, many of whom were instrumental in the development of the *Mission ouvrière*, considers it essential that there be a permanent exchange, confrontation and dialogue between priests engaged in a missionary ministry in different milieux.

That, basically, is the bone of contention. By their collective resignation those in charge of the *Mission de France* have decided to put the bishops to the test and to see if they stand by their vote at Lourdes. But they have not closed the door to negotiation: "We have not made this decision in a spirit of revolt, nor do we wish to lay the blame on any one single person. Our resignation is not a desertion; it underlines a state of affairs; it translates a demand; we hope it will become an act of hope." They state clearly that they are not fighting to defend their association, as such, but the ideal of missionary priesthood that it represents and is trying to promote.

It will be a pity if this molehill is allowed to become more of a mountain than it already has, but it is unfortunately the petty rivalry between Church institutions, when they become too rigid and complex, that often does more to undermine the Church's efficacy than her opponents from without. ALAIN WOODROW

(*Alain Woodrow, a previous contributor, is on the staff of* Informations Catholiques Internationales.)

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Honorable Discharge for God?

God has been in and out and in again at the Army's character-building course with a rapidity worthy of fourth century church councils defining the indefinable essence of the divine.

The expressed view among some American clergymen has been that this is the end, as far as decency in America is concerned. It was bad enough to have God expelled from school, but to have Him discharged from the Army is unbearable. Soon the only public place graced by God will be the Supreme Court, which stubbornly keeps paying a functionary to pray for the court, despite the clear injunction of the Constitution against that sort of thing.

The clergymen are wrong, of course. Drumming God out of the ranks is the best thing that has happened to Him since Constantine went Christian and discovered the Almighty was his co-emperor. And that was a long time ago.

A man is known by the company he keeps, as the proverb has it, and the same thing applies to gods. Take a long look at the company God has kept since He was brought into the Establishment by Constantine.

First there was Constantine himself, a power-seeking murderer who saved Rome by destroying it in moving it to Byzantium and making it oriental. His courtiers, successors and subjects may all have revised their opinion of God upward when Constantine began talking theology, but in the long run, the association was nothing but bad for God.

Or consider the medieval and Renaissance Popes. Megalomaniacs to a man, fomenters of wars and assassinations, hopelessly bemused by the fascinations of Italian real estate, if anyone could give God a bad name, they could. And did.

So bad as to split God up into fractions for the warring factions, none of which was much of an improvement. Henry VIII of England, the royal lecher and trencherman, what kind of God would hang around with him? Yet there Henry sat, "by the grace of God" and "defender of the faith."

Or dour John Calvin, in Geneva. Holier than Henry, no doubt—holier than anyone, if it comes to that—but not much fun at a party. If Calvin was seriously to be thought the voice of God, then a lot of people had to start reconsidering the case for atheism. And they did.

The 19th century presents the dazzling vision of the Hohenzollerns, the Hapsburgs and the Romanovs, all in solid alliance with the Christian God. No wonder the Russians have anti-religious museums. The only decent things the Romanovs ever did were to hire Fabergé to make their Easter eggs and to open a good restaurant in Hollywood.

In Spain, from Isabella the Catholic to Franco, the most oppressive rulers have always been intimately allied with the divine will in the world. You can torture people a little more exquisitely if you are doing it for God than if you are only doing it because you like to hear them moan.

Well, when this kind of thing goes on long enough and in varied enough societies, people naturally begin to think there is just something about God that is attracted to murder, rapine, theft, assault and misdemeanors in general as long as they are committed by the state. Any state. And people who are not themselves attracted to those activities begin to look elsewhere for their spiritual nourishment.

There is some question—although none has been raised so far—as to whether the Army ought to be involved in "character-building" at all in this Republic. The state demonstrably has the right to draft young men to fight for it when it considers itself endangered by little people in black pajamas 10,000 miles away. But does it really have the right to attempt to change their mental and moral make-up? And if it does, is the professional military mind, on all the evidence available, the ideal engine and director of such change?

Those far from idle questions aside, there remains the question of whether the Army has the right to draft God into its brainwashing enterprise. From a strictly churchly viewpoint, God has everything to lose from the association, nothing to gain. Melvin Laird is no Henry VIII or Constantine—it's a question of scope of vision. But does anyone seriously think that God will be better off with Melvin Laird's endorsement?

As in so many aspects of the church-state question, the critics have got the thing backward. The problem is not one of God's intrusion into secular affairs but one of secular powers—Mr. Laird—having the effrontery to enroll God on their side.

God as discharged veteran will have little trouble adjusting to civilian life. As any ex-soldier will testify, the Army is a very good thing to be out of.

FRANK GETLEIN

(Frank Getlein is well-known as an art critic and author of several books, including The Trouble With Catholics *and most recently,* The Politics of Paranoia.*)*

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WHAT DID YOU DO DURING THE WAR, FATHER?

The chaplain's role: serving morale or morality?

GORDON ZAHN

Like most other Americans I was surprised, perhaps a bit shocked, by the report of more than 50,000 cases of desertion from the armed forces over a 12-month period. Unlike most of my fellow citizens, however, I found this an encouraging, even gratifying, piece of news. Although this astonishing total undoubtedly includes the usual cases of men who "drop out" of military services for less laudable reasons of personal weakness or selfish interests, it must be clear to all that so sudden and great an upsurge in desertions reflects the new readiness on the part of men in the armed forces to pass an independent and critical judgment upon the moral implications of the acts they are called upon to perform and the purposes for which the war is being fought. Then, having come to the conclusion that the requirements of morality are not being met, they are willing to place themselves and their futures in serious jeopardy rather than continue to serve an immoral and unjust cause.

To put this in a context of moral commitment as I have done is not to say, of course, that all or even most of these deserters have expressed or could express the reasons for their actions in the terms used by the theologian in developing the pre-packaged formulae and formulations of the "just" war. Rather, the forces that seem to have motivated them are the same as those which have brought many other young men into the Resistance Movement and, from there, into American prisons. Their moral commitment is to be measured less in churchgoing and other indices of religiosity than in a deep personal revulsion for the strategies and weapons which take no account of the humanity of the victim (or, for that matter, of those who employ them) and in scorn for the hypocrisy of a great power masking its actions with pious declarations of its intent to assure a small nation of the right to control its own destiny while the record of history reveals its consistent efforts to achieve just the opposite. It is all too easy to dismiss these and similar objections as political rather than moral. Given the fervor of the young people who have raised the challenge in full awareness of the severe penalties they were risking, this distinction becomes forced and meaningless.

It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to trace and analyze all the sources of the great moral awakening reflected in the desertion totals, but there is one possibility that can be excluded with no difficulty at all. In all the reports I have read or heard there has not been the slightest indication that the moral doubts which led these men to desert were inspired or encouraged by any contact they may have had as servicemen with the military chaplains charged with their spiritual care. Nor has there been any sign that efforts to gain amnesty or even understanding for these men and their actions are likely to win much support from the organized chaplaincy and its official spokesmen. Indeed, if we are to judge by the interest taken in the problems faced by servicemen who seek discharge on grounds of service-initiated conscientious objection (doing so, it should be noted, according to procedures established by the military), it is extremely naive, almost irrational, to expect any action on behalf of deserters to come from that quarter.

My own experiences with the Military Ordinariate may be instructive here. About a year ago a Catholic in a West Coast army camp informed me of the difficulties he had encountered in connection with his application for discharge as a conscientious objector. Not the least of these was the brief statement in strict military form provided by the Catholic chaplain who had been asked to

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investigate his claim and make a recommendation. The statement attested to the young man's sincerity and then went on to add the chaplain's own judgment that there was nothing in Catholic traditions or teachings which could support his position against military service. The fact that the application statement, a copy of which had been furnished to me, included an array of citations from scripture, from official statements of Vatican II, and from the writings of individual theologians and even popes apparently carried no weight with him.

Several months later another case was brought to my attention, this time involving a serviceman who was serving his second term in the stockade. He, too, had applied for recognition as a conscientious objector without success, reportedly because the officer who decided the case held that Catholics cannot take that position. Since both of his convictions involved refusing orders he felt were contrary to his conscience, this could be taken as some evidence of sincerity. I wrote to the senior Catholic chaplain at the base, stressing the distinction between sincerity and theological validity and reminding him that the individual is morally bound to obey even the erroneous conscience. I requested more facts concerning the case and his assistance on behalf of the man involved. But, no answer.

Thus the abrupt dismissal by a young Marine officer of the very idea that he might seek out a chaplain should a situation like this arise for him. That, he said, would be like running up against a stone wall. What might seem like an overly pessimistic, even uncharitable, assumption finds support in the frequent outbursts of indignation addressed by chaplains to religious journals which dare to publish articles of editorials critical of the war or of some specific war policy. Or consider, if you will, the recommendation of a senior chaplain (published in the official Newsletter of the Military Ordinariate) that *religious* periodicals made available to men in the armed forces be screened so that "only positive and spiritual literature" be included while "newspapers, magazines or pamphlets which are controversial or polemic" be excluded. Sometimes the news accounts of battlefront activities of chaplains provide a disturbing hint of a degree of "military involvement" that is not entirely consistent with the ordinary conceptions of the priestly functions; one need only refer to the recently published description (by a chaplain) of his requirements for a good chaplain's assistant in which "interest in his Faith" was given second place to "being a good shot."

Further support for the Marine's caustic judgment may be found in more formal and official statements and actions. In a 1966 resolution the Military Chaplains' Association of the United States declared that chaplains who have served in Vietnam are "unanimous in their agreement that they, with the men they are committed to serve, are where they ought to be, that our mission is just and that the need of the people there for our support, military, financial and humanitarian, is real and urgent." Sentiments like these offer slight grounds for hope of a favorable or understanding reception for the young serviceman who might have come to the contrary conviction that the war is immoral and that it would be sinful for him to continue his participation in it. Nor should the example set by the Military Bishop be overlooked in this connection. Although Archbishop Cooke has not indulged in the flights of jingoistic rhetoric occasionally displayed by his predecessor, he seems intent upon continuing Cardinal Spellman's symbolic Christmas visitations to the troops.

Stated directly, it is to the extent that the chaplain embraces or allows himself to be absorbed by the military ideology and values, the less qualified he will be to provide adequate moral guidance to the men in his charge on issues relating to the nature of a given war,

'I Never Met Any Priest Who Suggested Withdrawal'

Father Angelo Liteky, Army Captain and Congressional Medal of Honor winner, came to Manhattan College in March to speak on "The Christian Chaplain in the Modern Army." His visit was sponsored by the Pacem in Terris Institute, an intermural peace group, and the Citizen Exchange Corps, a people-to-people trade cartel which seeks to avoid nuclear war by swapping Americans for Russian hostages. Backing up the guest in uniform was a panel of three theologians—Mr. Joseph Fahey and Dr. Donald Gray of Manhattan and Rev. James Megivern of St. John's University. The chaplain spoke first.

A tall, rugged backwoods sort, Liteky did not appear especially relaxed before the undergraduate audience. A heavy camouflage of natural sincerity, however, counteracted his hesitant, inarticulate speech. Unsure of the terrain, yet certain of the cause, he plodded along with a baptism of Vietnam.

Playing down the warrior association, Liteky said at the beginning that he prefers to be known as a concerned Christian and not as a decorated chaplain. "I try to be an expert in the field of love; no one can outlove me. I may not be intellectually stimulating," he went on, "I invite you to shoot me down." Whether from compassion or concurrence, nobody did.

Father Liteky enlisted because the Army was short 300 chaplains and requested Vietnam service because that's where his parishioners were going. Aware of the moral imbroglio over the war, he reserved judgment for six months: "Then I decided we were trying to do

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its objectives, and its means. Many (most?) chaplains will immediately deny that this is their responsibility or, for that matter, their prerogative. Moral guidance, yes; but moral guidance, as they define it, is limited to the familiar (and much "safer") problems of personal behavior: sex, drunkenness, gambling, cursing, and the like. Faced with the broader moral issues concerning the war itself, the issues that trouble the would-be conscientious objector and the potential deserter, the pastor in uniform is all too likely to take refuge in proclaiming the virtues of military obedience and loyalty to the state. "The chaplain is not a judge," is the way one put it to me.

This was in answer to a question posed in an interview in the course of my research into the military chaplaincy, the results of which will be published soon by the University of Toronto Press. Part of the research consisted in presenting active and retired Royal Air Force chaplains with a series of hypothetical military situations in which traditional moral principles were ignored or violated. (They were not entirely "hypothetical," I should add; all of the situations described have occurred in the wars of our own lifetime.) Among them were such things as orders to kill enemy prisoners, orders not to take prisoners, the use of torture in interrogation, the taking (and killing) of civilian hostages, and policies of terror or reprisal bombing of civilian areas.

As might be expected, most of these were denounced with horror; yet when further probes sought to discover what a chaplain would be likely to do in such situations, the general pattern of response was one of personal protest "through channels" (the same "channels," presumably, through which the offending orders had come). An occasional response called for the chaplain to resign his commission, and a few of these (but by no

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some good . . . pacification is going along well . . . building schools struck me as a very good thing . . . I never met any priest who suggested withdrawal."

The human cost of this conflict is not totally lost on Liteky. "I was impressed with the fact that little people were being killed." But the little people we always have with us in just wars. "I grew up in an area where patriotism was an ideal and I held on to the principle of defense against an unjust aggressor. It is an expression of love to defend myself and defend another against unjust death."

Anticipating a peace offensive that never really arrived in full strength, Chaplain Liteky closed on a confessional note. "I think we have made some mistakes in Vietnam, but we tried to do something we thought was good. I would leave the military if I thought it was wrong."

The panel discussion started with Dr. Gray who asked Father Liteky to clarify the morality of the war in terms of both ends and means, a distinction left foggy in his previous remarks. "Maybe I'm naive," Liteky replied, "but as far as ends, we're trying to help the South Vietnamese government preserve its integrity. What means are we using? Military, of course, but that's not all: there have been continual diplomatic overtures. I know there's some debate of overkill and this could be subject for discussion." Gray pressed him with the possibility of means defeating ends. Although Liteky admitted such a hazard, he insisted innocents are well respected in Vietnam. "I have seen repeated instances of restraint—to the disadvantage of our own troops. . . . Everyone in the military is not a bad guy. . . ."

Mr. Fahey prefaced his question by saying he had the highest respect for Chaplain Liteky's experience, yet seriously wondered if military men contemplated the moral implications of their own deeds. Liteky assured him once more.

Father Megivern's immediate response was a sophisticated exegesis of the just war theory that allowed for no more Vietnams. Then he asked, "Even if a just war is possible, how does the Church relate to it?" According to Megivern, "The Church's role is not to proclaim the justice of war, but rather reconciliation. When the hawks preach attack, there is need for reconciliation. Otherwise we've missed Christ; we've preached war instead of peace." How is the Church to be pastorally present in war? Megivern contested a uniformed presence, emphasizing the anomality of Christian ministers' being trained and paid by each side. Liteky didn't know whether he agreed. "Ministerial groups say it [a non-military chaplaincy] wouldn't work. But I take issue with anyone who says priests as officers lose rapport with enlisted men—baloney—no good man loses rapport."

Liteky got off just as lightly when interrogation shifted to the students. The exception was a testy gentleman who put his question with undisguised contempt. Repeating Ashley Montagu's rhetorical apostrophe, he asked Liteky, "If Vietnam is right, what is wrong?" Liteky had apparently done his homework on this one. "If we were trying to force democracy or if we used nuclear weapons or indiscriminate bombing, Vietnam would be wrong."

The discussion returned to the panel for a final word. Satisfaction with Chaplain Liteky abounded. "He's the kind of person you can dialogue with" (Gray); "His presentation was superb" (Fahey); "It was an immensely profitable experience to meet a chaplain of the caliber of Father Liteky" (Megivern).

Sustained applause.

PHILIP NOBILE

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means all) were ready to consider taking the issue into the public arena. Rare indeed, however, was the chaplain who would be prepared to countermand or advise the men in his spiritual care to disobey the immoral order; and these were more than balanced by others who made a point of insisting that, whatever else a chaplain might do, he must not "propose sedition or mutiny" or endanger the whole progress of the war by raising questions in the minds of the men about targets they might be bombing next.

One might argue, of course, that one of the major responsibilities of the military chaplain is precisely this, awakening and instructing the consciences of the men so that they could not be trapped into performing patently immoral acts of war. To sharpen the focus, therefore, one of the concluding questions asked explicitly whether these RAF chaplains could conceive of any situation in which their duty might lie in advising the men to refuse to obey an order on grounds of morality. Sixty-eight were willing to answer, and almost half of them (32) admitted that they could not—and this, remember, after having considered all the previous questions concerning the killing of enemy prisoners and the other "hypothetical" situations! Some of the comments were most significant. "We are under orders," said one, "and know when we come into the Service that these may conflict with our spirituality." Others put it more bluntly: "The whole function of a war is to win it. As soon as you are committed to the concept of the just war, you can't expect to win it without dirtying your hands to some extent." Said a third, "A chaplain should never let himself come into a situation where he takes a position against military authority. He ought to leave the chaplaincy first."

These flat rejections of the possibility of counseled disobedience were buttressed by ten others which, although willing to grant that such an obligation was "conceivable," denied that it was at all likely in the real order. Taken together, these responses show that more than 60 percent of the chaplains questioned could not seriously entertain the idea of having any such responsibility. When we go a step further and consider that almost all who were willing to admit that such a situation could arise drew their examples from the preceding questions, it seems fair to suggest that the research contact itself may have been a learning experience for them and, had the order been reversed, the response pattern would have been almost unanimously negative. As a matter of fact, several chaplains at the conclusion of their interviews volunteered the observation that they had never before given any thought to the troubling questions I had posed.

These findings relate only to the chaplains in the Royal Air Force who cooperated in the research, but there is little reason to doubt that American chaplains would give pretty much the same answers. All of which should raise some serious questions about the chaplaincy itself as it is now structured. Certainly, as long as there are Christians who can reconcile their individual consciences with service in the military forces of any nation, they will need and should be given the spiritual comforts and sacraments provided by a special ministry of this nature. It is not a matter, then, of abolishing the chaplaincy but, rather, one of creating a broader, more effective, and truer ministry, one which recognizes and accepts much more of a moral guidance function than has been the case until now.

Retention of the chaplaincy does not mean that it must continue in its present form. Much as one may honor those pastors in uniform who insist upon sharing the same hardships and dangers experienced by the men placed in their care, there remains a serious threat to their spiritual ministry in those aspects of the chaplaincy which produce too close an identity with the military establishment, its values, and its purposes. If a spiritual ministry must be provided, it should be provided on the churches' terms and not on terms defined and established by the military. The first and most essential step, as I see it, is to divorce the chaplaincy structure from the military and place it entirely under the direction and control of the appropriate civilian ecclesiastical authorities. This would mean that the chaplain will no longer be commissioned to hold military rank and, a change of almost equal importance, that he will wear regular clerical garb in place of the military uniform ever so slightly modified.

These proposals or something very like them have been made by others, including former chaplains, before, and they have always been met by indignant protests on the part of chaplains who equate effectiveness with the "identity" provided them by rank and uniform. Not too often is the case made with the directness shown by the chaplain who wrote one such protest to the editors of *Ave Maria* in 1965; after making the startling assertion that "the army is a natural habitat for the Church," he continued to insist, "The civilian priest, no matter how well meaning he be, is not one of us. He is a stranger; he brings a message from the outside world."

This is the attitude, I submit, which makes it possible for chaplains' organizations to pass unanimous resolutions in support of what many churchmen of all faiths have come to regard as at least a morally questionable war; which accounts for indifference toward, or blocks understanding of, the problems encountered by men with service-initiated conscientious objections to war; which explains the silence of chaplains when the rights of such men or of others who seek to protest the injustice of military practices or procedures are ignored. Today, for instance, we are witnessing a nationwide reaction against the excessive charges and penalties involved in the "mutiny" trials of the Presidio 27; military chaplains, individually or through their organizations, have not been

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especially prominent in the public opposition to this outrageous abuse of military authority.

The same "identity" which is so highly prized by apologists for the chaplaincy as it is now instituted can be more an obstacle than an aid in the performance of his ministry if only because it limits his access to, and influence upon, the men he is there to serve. Certainly there is evidence enough that chaplains and their official spokesmen are aware that their impact is not too great or even as great as they would like it to be. Sometimes this awareness is reflected in the defensiveness they reveal when speaking of the attitudes displayed toward them and their work by fellow officers and the men in the ranks. Most of my RAF chaplains admitted having no illusions about the effect a chaplain's protest might have when directed against some major war policy. As one put it, no one was looking to him "for a message."

Even at the level of official statements, this note of impotence and failure occasionally creeps in. In his final convocation a former RAF Chaplain-in-Chief spoke frankly of "our failure with the airmen" and, although he was extremely generous in his praise for the work of the chaplains in their instruction hours and the retreats they organized for service personnel, he was obliged to add, "despite all that has been done in this direction these young men after they pass out into the fuller life of the Royal Air Force are not conspicuous either for their religious adherence or in many cases for their moral standards." Closer to home, a recent statement of the chief of the U.S. Air Force chaplains strikes a similar note in his confession that airmen are more resistant to organized religion than military men were 25 years ago. "We chaplains don't do too well too often," he said. "They're much harder to reach today."

That his complaint has a broader applicability is obvious enough. Young people generally seem to be less "reachable" by religion than was true a quarter century ago. Nevertheless, his observation still has a special relevance for the chaplain and his work. Men in the service may not be looking to him for a message, but the inescapable fact is that they cannot help but get one. Indeed, it would be difficult to find a better illustration of the McLuhan dictum that the medium is the message—and the message personified in the chaplain is the old familiar one of uncritical obedience, devotion to duty, the whole bundle of "militant" virtues that is bound up in the assurance that "the true Christian will always be the best soldier." As long as the chaplain is willing to assume the role of enthusiastic defender of "the military way" (and dresses the part), he is going to find it difficult to come through as the dedicated representative of religion and its values. He is far more likely to be regarded as what he in fact usually becomes, a specialized morale officer and, often enough, the last person to whom one might turn for an answer to a crisis of conscience of the kind that has led so many men to desert. Perhaps, had the available chaplain not been so closely identified with the military establishment—in rank, in uniform, and in point of view—it is possible that many of the men who have taken that drastic step would have sought and, with the chaplain's help, might have gained discharge as conscientious objectors.

I realize that in treating of the chaplaincy as a unit I have not given full due to individual chaplains who have been open to the men and who may even have helped free some of them from their military obligations. The evidence of experience suggests that these do not represent the norm; and even these, I suspect, would stop short of encouraging men to seek such release before making an all-out effort to persuade them to reconsider and correct their "erroneous" consciences. Further, I strongly doubt that there are many, even among those who are more open, who would be prepared to go on record as recommending amnesty for the "conscientious deserter," no matter how convinced of his sincerity.

More than three years have passed since the official promulgation of the *Pastoral Constitution on the Church in the Modern World* in which the Council Fathers called for an "entirely new attitude" in the evaluation of war, and there has been little evidence to suggest that this call has been heeded. To be sure, there are some hopeful signs, not the least of which was the pastoral issued by the American hierarchy in November. At the same time, however, there have been other statements and actions that can only be seen as giant steps in the opposite direction—such as (to mention only one) the introduction of "ROTC-type" units into some of our seminaries for the purpose of preparing future chaplains. No doubt, the finished product of these training programs will emerge fully qualified to take their place in the military establishment, that "natural habitat for the Church," and defend it against any threatened intrusion of civilian clergymen, those "strangers from the outside world."

Passing note was taken above of the "generation gap" which finds young people less than eager to receive and accept the religious message today. If we wonder why this should be the case, I think a good explanation will be found in the extent to which the churches have failed to dissociate themselves from the milieu and to make effective protest against the injustices and immoralities it harbors. The challenge voiced recently in Rome by Harvey Cox is relevant here: "A Church that is not able to take a firm stand against war . . . is not a Church which deserves to be believed." And what, we must ask, of a church which continues to assume a responsible role in the military establishment itself? The answer, I think, is clear. So long as it exists, a chaplaincy so structured that its members accept military rank, wear the military uniform, recognize (and exercise) military authority will remain a living symbol of that failure and the scandal it represents.

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TOWARD A THEO

The city dump with its filth a

MARJORIE O

The sacraments of the secular city, Harvey Cox assures us, are the switchboard and the cloverleaf. Nonsense. These are not profane enough to be sacred. No theologian of secularity has dared to embrace enthusiastically the authentic profane, the most unredeemed and therefore redemptive reality: garbage. There have been, of course, casual allusions to the relationship between theology and garbage, but as yet no systematic articulation and exploration of the *heilsgeschichtlich* role of refuse has appeared.

Searching the Scriptures, one discovers that garbage dumps outside of Jerusalem gave birth to the theology of hell. The interestamental and NT Gehenna, abode of the eternally damned, is none other than the Valley of Ben-Hinnom which lay to the South and West of the city of Jerusalem (now Wadi-er-Rababi). This was the site of Topheth where human sacrifices were offered (2 K. 23:10; 2 Chr. 28:3; 33:6; Jer. 7:31; 19:2ff.; 32:35) *in illo tempore*, and this Valley of Slaughter (Jer. 19:6) became a receptacle for bones and bodies of animals and criminals and—garbage. Because of the horror associated with the valley, Talmudic theology considered it the door to hell, a gulf of torments and a furnace (Cf. Enoch 90:24-26 and 4 Ezra). The book of Isaiah spoke of a place "where worm shall not die, nor shall fire be quenched" (Is. 66:24). And so the idea grew in fertile theological mind that this city dump with its filth and flames was a hell of a place.

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The theological relationship between damnation and garbage has not been developed since that time. In fact, the only remnant of the concept in modern Western culture is the crying of the expletive "Damn!" when householders initiate the ritual of casting out the garbage. Jacques Maritain was certainly right when he complained that one never hears much preaching about hell these days, but then perhaps in their wisdom the clergy realize modern man is continually confronted with the trash heap, and well, one picture is worth a thousand words.

Garbage theology must, of course, have its pantheon within its cosmology and so there are the sanitation engineers (vulg. garbage men), a kind of lower middle class angel. Talmudic midrash associates them with the primal angel whom Yahweh commissioned as Superintendant of Eden to "Keep Paradise Beautiful." Having failed his post, he was then assigned to dispose of Adam and Eve's unsightly apple core and guard the gate forever against the possible re-entry of those litterbugs. (Cf. my article, "Original Sin, Litterbugging and Lady Bird as the New Eve," soon to be published in *Gregorianum.*)

Garbed in white and driving white trucks, the sanitation angels canvass the cities of men for unredeemed waste. The days of their visitation are indeed blessed. When a man of metropolis forgets to cast out the garbage from his family's midst, however, there is weeping in his household. When an entire metropolis sins by neglect, there is also gnashing. The angels withdraw their presence from the city. This is known as a "strike," a concept borrowed from Yahweh's threat to the unfaithful, "I will strike the inhabitants of this city" (Jer. 21:6). The an-

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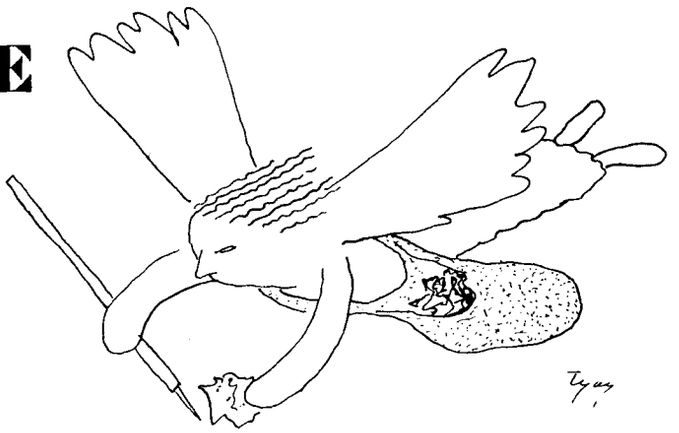
DGY OF GARBAGE

mes is still a hell of a place

RKE BOYLE

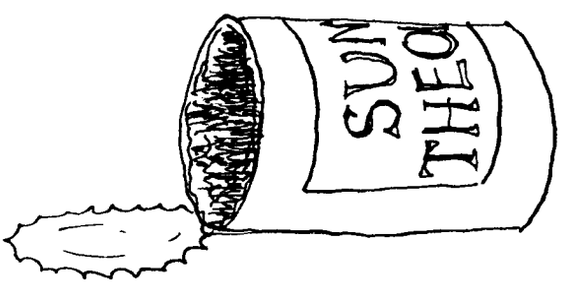


gels, who have the power to summon or vanquish a galaxy of lower beings such as rats, often loose them on the sinful city in order to hasten repentance. This tactic is also borrowed from Yahweh (Cf. Ex. 7:26; 8:15 and the prophetic literature).

On the intellectual garbage scene, Gabriel Marcel's essay "Belonging and Disposability" offers exciting theological clues. Despite the titular footnote in which the translator patiently explains that the French *disponibilité* (disposability) has the sense of spiritual openness, the translator is obviously in error. Our word garbage came to Middle English through the French, so Marcel's remarks on disposability must relate to trash. What then does it mean to be disposable, to be one more paper plate in the throw-away culture? Marcel asks, "Can I indeed dispose of myself if I do not belong to myself?" "Belonging and Disposibility" in *Creative Fidelity,* p. 41.)

Clearly then, the problem is an eschatological one. According to the apocalyptic vision the world will end in fiery catastrophe, so presumably all the garbage will be burned away in the cosmic incinerator. If, as some traditions suggest, hell will be this burning globe, it is possible to interpret the punishment of the damned as the relief of those sanitation angels who stoke the unending garbage dump. The teleological model presents more problems. If the future is to be an extension on an eternal level of man's present experience, one may well ask with alarm: Garbage here? garbage there? garbage now? garbage then? Even if one discounts as apocryphal the problem of table scraps from the millennial banquet, the situation challenges all theologians who refuse the obvious solution.

The modern prophet and anthropologist Pierre Teilhard de Chardin suggests the direction of theological resolution. He has emphasized against physics' preoccupation with the dissolution of matter, the synthesis of matter. "The outflowing flood of Entrophy [decaying garbage] equaled and offset by the rising tide of Noogenesis!" (*The Future of Man*, p. 78). And again, "Nothing here below is profane for those who know how to see" (*The Divine Milieu*, p. 66). Surely this must include garbage. Conclusively, the spiritualization of garbage until it yields diaphanously and divine milieu must be the new religious and therefore secular task! Jewish philosophyer Martin Buber assures us that just as the particular Thou, after the relational event has run its course, is bound to become an It, so the particular It, by entering the relational event, may become a Thou (*I and Thou*, p. 33). Then let It-garbage and let that It become a Thou through personal dialoguing with the It-Thou. The kingdom of god, like the cities of the Near East, will be built on the garbage of civilizations by the conscious loving and longing of the sons of men.



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Here's to you, Mrs. Robinson

'THE GRADUATE' RECLASSIFIED

TOM S. RECK

Few recent films have enjoyed a success like Mike Nichols' *The Graduate*'s—not only at the box-office, but also as a source of popular symbols and a subject for serious, even technically precise, criticism. The papers I received in recent college classes on the film illustrate the possibility of the latter. First water symbolism in *The Graduate* was an important part of its imagery, the papers contended. The leading character is a young man named Benjamin Braddock, and in Ben's room there is a small aquarium. In the opening scene he is seen gazing into it as his parents and his parents' friends wait for him below to welcome him home and congratulate him on his completion of a successful college career. When Mrs. Robinson, an attractive friend of the family, coyishly throws to him the keys to her automobile, so he can drive her home, they land (significantly) in the aquarium, and Ben must plunge his hand in to join the trapped fishlings. Mrs. Robinson will soon have innocent Ben encased in her own neat trap.

Then: On Benjamin's birthday his parents try to drown him. Wearing their gift of a deep sea diving suit, Ben descends into the family pool to entertain the family guests with his nautical prowess. At pool's bottom, deformed in appearance by the grotesque mask, Ben simply stands, silently protesting their use of him. Water: suffocation, confinement, and conformity; are you getting it?

Later Ben's leap from the diving board into the water of the family pool will evolve to a leap into bed with Mrs. Robinson. His turning over on his water raft becomes a turning toward a nude Mrs. Robinson—from the water trap of the family pool to the sex trap of Mrs. Robinson's bed at the Taft Hotel. (How would that lie with our portly, pompous 27th president?) It will be raining the day that daughter Elaine learns of Ben's affair with her mother; Mrs. Robinson will stand there soaked to the skin, the rainwater washing away mascara and powder to reveal for all the woman beneath, entrapping her in the tentacles of her own increasing age and neurosis. Finally, in the final reel of the film, much is seen of the waters of the San Francisco Bay as Ben crosses them to first watch, then court, and finally rescue his Elaine. His pursuit of her is a hectic one, made difficult by all manner of barriers and traps: fraternity make-out kings, jealous/hurt husbands, suspicious landlords, cars that run out of gas, and just bridges themselves—with water beneath them naturally.

There is other symbology to *The Graduate*. There is the color, for example. There is Mrs. Robinson—dressed usually in black—photographed frequently against white. In the crucial scene, for example, in which Ben confesses the affair to Elaine, Mrs. Robinson stands there, stark, with black hair, severe black eye make-up, black raincoat, against a smooth white wall.

Other random examples of symbology or allusions in Nichols' film: the archetypal Phaedra-Hippolytus legend brought to contemporary life in Mrs. Robinson/Benjamin; the use of irony throughout—for example, the original seduction attempt by Mrs. Robinson occurs in her daughter's room, with Elaine's photograph behind Benjamin as he gazes (and the photo seems to gaze also) at the naked Mother Robinson. The symbolism of the final scene is obvious and has been much commented on. In a modern Santa Barbara church where Elaine's wedding is in progress, Ben leans against the frosty glass, his arms outstretched in crucifix position. And he then bars the church door with a cross, to leave behind all the Mrs. Robinsons and Mr. Robinsons and Mr. Braddocks and Mrs. Braddocks, all the over-thirties, who have tried to crucify the love generation.

If we are to use only a literary approach to *The Graduate*, it would really come off rather well—it gives the scholar a lot to play around with, to diagnose, to decipher. Yet, *The Graduate*, although a highly entertaining film, is not at all an intelligent film. It is, in fact, a hoax and actually something of a threat. And this becomes obvious only when one chooses to deal with the film not on a narrow literary level, but on broader terms.

To begin with, a number of people have pointed out that when crossing the Bay Bridge (allegedly on his way to Berkeley to salvage Elaine) Ben is on the upper level of the double-decked construction, therefore going the wrong direction, therefore proceeding to San Francisco from Berkeley; and that the intimate encounter between Benjamin and Elaine is actually at the fountain at U.S.C., not at Berkeley as passed off. These two discrepancies (maybe minor, but irritating and glaring to anyone familiar with California geography) are no more bogus than much of *The Graduate*; and those work nicely, in

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fact, as surface representatives of the picture's many internal failures

What is of real importance about *The Graduate* (and there is a great deal of importance to *The Graduate*) is not what a few isolated symbol hunters may see in it, but rather, what millions of young theater-goers are using it for. Their reaction to it, non-intellectual, largely emotional, certainly non-literary, but still in a sense critical, is far more significant than that of any isolated symbol hunters may find. These millions have taken *The Graduate* as their *Catcher in the Rye*, are using it as *The Sun Also Rises* was so used. And it is particularly interesting to note that the lionizing is coming in from all quarters.

The old probably like *The Graduate* and like Benjamin because his hair is not shoulder length; he wears no beads, no sandals; he leads no activist protests or free speech movements. He bathes (as previously noted) and there is no mention of any interest in such disturbing things as war in Vietnam. His vices are the traditional American ones; he drinks bourbon (although Mr. Robinson is forever giving him scotch); he enjoys sex; he does not blow grass.

The young like Benjamin also, and this might be of no special surprise if it were not for the diversity of youth who are responding identically to him for divergent reasons. To illustrate: the so-called hippie types are assuming that Ben shares their disillusionment with The Establishment, which he really does not even if he keeps saying that he does. Although he drives an Alfa Romeo and wears nice wool blazers, they seem to feel he is ready to drop out. Actually anyone as afraid of a simple Mrs. Robinson as Ben is, would never be able to handle the Haight.

The young straights also like Ben. They identify strongly but fail to see that the kind of activity that occurs at the film's conclusion at the church is hardly the kind they could approve of if they were to encounter it somewhere other than on the screen or in a book. In the film they find it whimsical, boyishly charming, engagingly irresponsible. They see themselves even perhaps doing it; but they never would, nor ever for a moment really consider approval of others who did.

So Nichols has pulled his clever ruse on all, although clever is likely not the proper term here. Accidental might do better, since Nichols' abilities as a director are still unproven. The only thing I can see he did for *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf* was to leave the dialogue essentially alone, which anyone other than maybe Louis Mayer would have done anyway.

From a broad critical point of view, not a limiting, literary one, the most interesting thing about *The Graduate* is its attitude toward sex, which is, in short, an anti-sexual attitude. In years previously, pretty young people struggled diligently to convince us that sexual inhibitions were the hang-up of puritanical parent and frustrated teacher-types. Sandra Dee and Troy Donahue, for example, fought courageously for free love in *A Summer Place*, but what they must have had in mind, I guess, was free sex for young persons, not for anyone past thirty, free sex for Troy and Sandra, or Tab and Natalie, or Annette and Fabian, but not for Anne Bancroft, who is far too old for such pleasures, and far too bright maybe.

It is, in short, reverse prejudice. Instead of parents cautioning, "Sex is something you must wait for—it will be yours, but later," we get now the children warning: "Sex is something you must give up on your thirtieth birthday"—it is what roller skates and soap bubbles are to children.

The advertisements for *The Graduate* read: "This is Benjamin. He's a little worried about his future." And because he is a little "worried" about his future, he is immediately held up as sensitive, suffering and fully worthy of our sympathy. The funny thing is that Mrs. Robinson is also a little worried about her future (and her past and her present). And it is because she is, that she is presumed to be neurotic, not trustworthy, and an object to ridicule. It is certainly a double standard to say the least; and it says a whole lot about youth and its attempt to monopolize despair, disillusionment, and confusion.

I am not sure if it is Nichols' fault or that of Anne Bancroft, an actress whose intelligence is hard to ignore, but for anyone interested in recognizing it, Mrs. Robinson is easily the most admirable character in *The Graduate*. You see it clearly in the bedroom scenes, especially when Ben says to her, "Can we talk about something, Mrs. Robinson?" and she curtly answers him that she hardly feels they have anything to talk about. She is exactly correct, of course, since Ben can barely speak, much less converse intelligently; and if the audience is not smart enough to know this, Mrs. Robinson at least is. She is wise enough to see what she needs is a simple distraction from her own disillusionment with upper-middle-classism, from Los Angeles suburbianism, from marital disunion, not a hopelessly stupidly sophomoric discussion with a wet-behind-the ears collegian—not a false, sentimental and contrived love affair with a youth-lover, but pure and simply, a sexual orgasm. It is exactly her refusal to "talk" to Ben that illustrates her perception and intelligence; and it is her world-weariness that marks her as a woman worth looking at twice.

Yet it is for her dissatisfaction with herself and with her life that young audiences are condemning her, while they are congratulating Benjamin for similar qualities. The young audience cannot even see how Ben uses Mrs. Robinson, not only for amusement during a long and dull summer, which might be excusable since she is using him for the same reason, but in order to childishly titillate himself. He asks in reference to her college affair: "Where did you do it, Mrs. Robinson?" And then "In a car? You did it in a car?" And then, "What kind of

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a car was it, Mrs. Robinson?" This audiences see only as evidence of Mrs. Robinson's cheapness and furtiveness. Sex in a car becomes synonymous with sneaky sex, with grabbed-for, shameful sex: and the mildly perverse and voyeuristic aspect of Benjamin's interest misses them entirely.

The Graduate, in fact, as hinted at, takes a Puritanical attitude toward sexuality altogether. The romance between Benjamin and Elaine is strictly asexual. A couple of innocent good night kisses—nothing more. Sex is something for frustrated adults, like Mrs. Robinson and like the bar flies who watch the stripper with the tassels in the L.A. nightclub where Ben takes Elaine to hurt her. Ben and Elaine? Who needs it? They have youth and they have hamburgers and they sit on park benches and look at each other—longingly. Things like the stripper at the L.A. nightclub even make Elaine (a college student! at sophisticated Berkeley!) break up in embarrassed, humiliated tears.

The Graduate is, of course, only the latest of important films constructed to tell young people what they want to hear, to coddle them, and reassure and reinforce them. False as it is, *The Graduate* and other films of this genre are important because of their immense popularity, either individually or as a group.

There were the two James Dean epics, *East of Eden* and *Rebel Without a Cause*, which have been credited with giving juvenile delinquency, or at least rebellion against parents and the Establishment, a fascinating mystique. Dean is all right, you knew, because in *Rebel* he made sensitive faces and also because he likes cars; and anyone who likes cars can't be all bad, just as ten years later in *The Graduate* anyone who plays Simon and Garfunkle records can't be all bad. *A Summer Place* (1960) and *Splendor in the Grass* (1961) preached the same message: things would be all right if the young people were just left alone to screw. (When 40-year-old Anne Bancroft asks for the same privilege, she is condemned for her audacity.) These were all major productions, and, as such, influential films. But the rock-and-roll films of the '50s (*Rock Around the Clock; Don't Knock the Rock; Rock, Baby, Rock;* etc.) and the beach films of the '60s (*Bikini Beach, Beach Party, Beach Blanket Bingo*, etc., etc.) were the low-budget purveyors of the same youthful sub-culture mystique.

So I guess the final statement is this: More important than the consistency of the water symbolism in *The Graduate* is the number of young people who (soon to be voters) have taken it over as their credo, who have been either informed on reinforced that people over thirty are neurotic/nymphomaniac/alcoholic, if they are female; materialists/imbeciles/cuckolds, if they are male. Maybe Over Thirties will someday become our new Negroes (while 200 Ph.D's argue over color imagery in *The Graduate*).

KEEP TALKING

THE STAGE

Monologue, soliloquy, aria, whatever you call it, the set piece has been a standard part of drama ever since the watchman on the roof in *Agamemnon* struggled to his feet to announce the hero's homecoming. Not even the American theater could kill it although commercial practitioners and their academic followers—convinced that no American could sit still and listen to a speech that ran more than three sentences—have occasionally tried to do it with a red pencil. In recent years, however, the long speech has come into its own. First Tennessee Williams (for instance, Maggie's opening speech in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*), then Edward Albee (for example, Jerry's story of the dog in *The Zoo Story*) embraced it; it is almost an article of faith among the younger playwrights, particularly the off-off-Broadway boys. There is still some suspicion of it among directors, a tendency to wreck the verbal movement with excessive business. A ludicrous example can be found in the recent production of Sam Shepard's *La Turista* at the Theatre of the Living Arts in Philadelphia. I have not looked at the printed play, but I assume that the long second-act speech is a typical Shepard metamorphosis aria (like the Maid's speech in *Red Cross*), a self-preoccupied fancy intercut but never interrupted by lines from another character that try and fail to penetrate the verbal build. While speaking the speech, pantingly upon the tongue, the actor rope-climbed to a platform just under the ceiling of the theater, squatted there catching his breath, then swung Tarzan-fashion back onto the stage and smashed through a pre-cut man-shaped silhouette in the scenery. If that is what Shepard had in mind, he is certainly not using the set piece as he has in earlier works and as almost everyone is these days —as a device by which the pattern of words gives the dramatic and emotional shape to the scene.

Although I tend to be on the side of the playwright, to assume that he knows what he is doing with his words, the directional suspicion of the long speech has some basis in good sense. The device can be misused as it was early this season when Herb Gardner's *The Goodbye People* talked itself to death. It can also be used in the service of plays that are too obvious, too dull, too pretentious to command our attention, let alone our respect. Two current examples, both reasonably well-acted, are James Hanley's *The Inner Journey*, an English import, and James Leo Herlihy's *Stop, You're Killing Me*.

The latter consists of three one-act plays, held together thematically (the United States is a violent country and everyone is lonely) and by flickering photograph and tableau messages. Collectively and individually, the plays are strained comments on the obvious. Each of them begins

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with a small idea that is stretched, like taffy, until it is too thin to bite into.

Stop is also an exemplary evening on the use and misuse of the set piece in several of its forms. The first play, *Laughs, Etc.*, is a traditional dramatic monologue. A well-dressed, middle-aged woman, her blonde hair professionally dyed, sits in an armchair, toying with a highball glass, telling two invisible friends about this "marrrrvelous party" (as Bea Lillie would put it) while her invisible husband dozes in a chair nearby. They turn out to be an affluent couple (the sleeping husband is a lawyer), bored with their lives and with each other, who have moved into the East Village to feed, vicariously at least, on the dropout scene. The woman's story is finally less important than her telling of it, as a dramatic monologue should be, and she reveals herself as a cold, selfish person. Less extended than the other plays, *Laughs* is technically effective, ineffectual only in the sentimentalization that clouds the revelation of character. The woman refuses to finance a fix for a suicidal girl on heroin and is accused by the boy in her story of failing as a human being. Her failure is not (or should not be) the refusal, but the kind of indifference that lets her absorb the people around her and turn them into material for picturesque anecdotes that she delivers in a flat, put-down voice that presumably embodies the tired wisdom of the pseudo-sophisticated. The play, however, cannot divorce itself from the boy's accusation, cannot escape being sentimental about the addicted innocent, and the woman edges from character into target.

Terrible Jim Fitch is another monologue, this one delivered to an unspeaking girl, whose silence finally forces the speaker, the terrible man of the title, to kill her. The play begins well with the comic exasperation of Jim, but it goes on so long, covers the same lonely ground so often, that the character who might have succeeded as a pathetic stereotype turns into a maundering bore and all the dramatic tension milks away. *Bad Bad Jo-Jo* is a gimmicky play in which a successful writer of camp horror fiction is murdered by two of his admirers, playing the roles that the author's books have made famous, Jo-Jo, the Commie-killing American boy, and his prim ("Bad Bad") but approving mother. It opens with a telephone monologue, moves into an interview which is in effect a monologue punctuated by the *gee* and *gosh* of the boyish interviewer and ends with a set piece, the murderer's drag bit as Jo-Jo's mother. There are a few funny lines along the way, but the inevitable end is so clear from the moment the visitors are announced and the space between announcement and murder is so obviously filler, that the play—as parody, as social comment, as suspense drama—dies of Herlihy's prolixity. Although the plays are not particularly funny and the implicit comment on violence is platitudinous, from where I sat *Stop, You're Killing Me* was an appropriate title. (*At Stage 73*)

Although there are a number of peripheral figures in

Summer Sessions

RELIGION STUDIES PROGRAM

College of Saint Teresa. June 16–July 25. "The Decree on Ecumenism," "Christian Scripture," "Hebrew Scriptures," "Christian Renewal," "Contemporary Moral Problems," "The Church in India." Catechetical weekend, July 4-6. *Inquire*: Director, Religion Studies Program, College of St. Teresa, Winona, Minn. 55987.

PASTORAL INSTITUTE FOR PRIESTS AND BROTHERS

Immaculate Conception Seminary. June 23-August 1. "The New Theology," "Celebration of the Secular," "Basic Principles of Pastoral Counseling," "Moral Theology Today," "Black Experience in North America," "Theology and Christian Ministry." *Inquire*: Director, Pastoral Institute, Immaculate Conception Seminary, Conception, Mo. 64433.

THEOLOGY SEMINAR FOR PRIESTS

St. Norbert Abbey. June 17-19. "The Modern Image of the Priest": Twelve lectures, "Scriptural Foundations," "Psychiatric Approach," "Protestant Thought," etc. *Inquire*: Rev. Samuel Jadin, O. Praem., St. Norbert Abbey, De Pere, Wis. 54115.

SUMMER INSTITUTE IN SOCIAL SERVICE ADMINISTRATION

Catholic University. June 15-20. Conducted by senior staff members of the Universty of Wisconsin's Center for Advanced Study in Organization Science, in conjunction with faculty from other major universities. *Inquire*: Rev. Robert Paul Mohan, S.S., Catholic University, Washington, D.C. 20017.

SUMMER INSTITUTE FOR PRIESTS

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The Inner Journey, there are three main characters, one of whom, usually drunk, speaks only in hesitations, sentence fragments, grunts. The other two, a variety artist with immortal longings and his dwarf son who doubles as his ventriloquist's dummy, speak at length—anguished, ruminative monologues which would seem short only to someone who knew Hanley's play in print where the still uncut speeches sometimes run for more than two pages. Hanley's original play is an investigation into the nature of the self, heavily philosophical, rotten-rich with literary allusion. The ponderousness remains in the pared-down stage version, but, beyond that, there is only a kind of grotesque soap opera about a son who feels unloved by his self-absorbed father and his drunken mother. The wonderful dramatic possibilities in the use of a ventriloquist's act as a mask for a family quarrel are wasted because Hanley never ever approximates such an act; instead, he uses the occasion as a kind of bizarre confessional. In *The Inner Journey*, as in the Herlihy plays, the monologue has become a be-set piece *(At The Forum)*

GERALD WEALES

THE MET AS MUSEUM

MUSIC

Surely it did not speak well for Rudolf Bing's management of the Metropolitan Opera when the most excitement there all season came from a new production he'd had nothing to do with. Wagner's *Das Rheingold*, staged and conducted by Herbert von Karajan, was merely a modified version of the production Karajan had done earlier at the Salzburg Easter Festival, where he's gradually assembling the four operas that make up *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. This *Rheingold*, like last season's *Die Walküre*, struck me as a most uneven affair, but since the *Ring* is the most monumentally uneven creation in Western art, I may well be complimenting Karajan and designer Günther Schneider-Siemssen. The great dilemma in staging a *Ring* is finding a style that works equally well for actions demanding realism and spectacles requiring stylization. This Met *cum* Salzburg production, with the ring-like settings and murky lighting sanctioned by the Wagner grandsons in Bayreuth, was marked by stark, gloomy tableaux, as modish as they were mythic, and a tendency toward stasis that did little for what I'd like to think is Wagner's meaning. Ideals, once corrupted, must be redeemed by ultimate sacrifice. In Karajan's *Rheingold*, when Wotan hurled aside his ideals to wrest the all-powerful Ring from little Alberich, their cataclysmic struggle was as stately as a gavotte. Such stylization—also a blight upon *Walküre*—was all the more deplorable because Karajan's mixed-media battery of special effects superbly called up Wagner's wonder world of fire and water! Ah, well, for that feat, alone, I welcome this *Ring*—not because mixed-media is "relevant to our time" or "blows the 13-year-old mind" or whatever the latest cant ideal is in our fad-mad world of the arts, but simply because a blending of film, slides and staging *is* what these operas need. Wagner's misty mind must have meant this when it came up with *"gesamtkunstwerk."*

A far less successful "now" innovation was that ghastly taped noise that conductor Karajan substituted for the tuned anvils Wagner wanted banged on in the pit in *Rheingold*. Besides being off-beat (in every sense), it sounded nasty, like all those off-stage sounds transmitted over the Met's rackety low-fi system onto the stage. Karajan missed the fun in Wagner's delightful nature painting. He scaled down some of the upsurging lyricism in *Walküre*, too—but I mustn't dwell on his occasional sleekness. These uncut performances moved right along, often with considerable power. At his finest, in the final scene of *Walküre*, the kind of inspired Wagner I gladly wait hours to hear, Karajan was overwhelming.

Generally his casting was impeccable. Mr. Bing thought House hacks good enough for the *Ring* he did in 1961. For Karajan, he has had to bring over Salzburg's fine singing-actors. Simone Mangelsdorff did prove shrill and wobbly, and Theo Adam, a better Wotan than most, was a bit unsteady. Most of the newcomers—Gerhard Stolze (a uniquely sardonic Loge), Zoltán Kelemen, Martti Talvela, Josephine Veasey, Gundula Janowitz, Karl Ridderbusch—were worthy colleagues for the Met's regulars—Christa Ludwig, Jon Vickers (an increasingly mannered singer, alas), Sherrill Milnes and, unfortunately, Régine Crespin, who veers from *liebfraumilch* sweetness to raw-alcohol edginess. Birgit Nilsson, naturally, is the soaring rock upon which our Wagner revival is founded, yet at this writing, she and Karajan are feuding! They've got to patch it up. Nilsson really *sings* the music, and Karajan, for all the vein of brass that runs through this *Ring*, conducts the only Met performances

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I've heard that show a first-rate musical mind in charge of all details.

The rest of this Met season showed the effects of Mr. Bing's mind. He boasts that he runs the Met as if it were a museum, a shelter for old artworks. I can sympathize with this attitude today since the old art seems to be the only art there is, now that everything is becoming a branch of those two foes of creation, the accidental and the mechanical. (A third trend toward grisly pastiche was demonstrated in March when Stanislaw Skrowaczewski introduced Penderecki's "St. Luke Passion" to New York; four choirs alternated neo-Gregorian drones with aleatoric yelps while the Minnesota Orchestra gave forth echoes unnervingly like those of a synthesizer—"pure sound" in the gushy program notes, pure hell in Carnegie Hall.) What dooms the Met's "museum policy" is not fondness for the old but Mr. Bing's ineptness as curator. He gave *Don Giovanni* a fine cast, with a delicious new Polish soprano, Teresa Zylis-Gara, then turned it over to a spineless hack conductor like Sylvio Varviso. *Die Meistersinger* still had Joe Rosenstock leeched onto it to make Wagner as parched and wearing as a 5-hour trek across Death Valley. *Simon Boccanegra* was more erratic than ever with fine artists like Ghiaurov and Milnes in minor roles and a dry, wobbly MacNeil in the lead. And *Carmen,* already burdened by that mannered Dupont-Barrault production, had Regina Resnik as our fiery gypsy, making chainsmoking and chuckles do for acting and the dread "Carmen croak" do for singing.

How fitting that the only composer treated well this season was that embodiment of energetic banality, Richard Strauss. *Der Rosenkavalier* got a new Robert O'Hearn-Nathaniel Merrill production, with Parl Böhm conducting; and the same team's spectacularly complex *Die Frau ohne Schatten* was revived with all systems "Go!" on the Met's ever-shifting stage. I wanted more flow to the music in Act I and more intimacy to the look of Act III; otherwise their *Rosenkavalier* was a rowdy, lavish delight. The orchestra quite outdid itself for Böhm in *Frau*, but nothing could keep Hofmannsthal's fairy-tale libretto (an emperor who will turn to stone unless his wife, a peri, can bear children) from seeming more shadow than substance or from flaunting so many arias and chorales to fructification that it seemed—dare I say it!—"irrelevant" to a time when unlimited childbearing is no proof of love. It's also a bore from the middle of Act I, on. I think it bored Strauss, too. His atmospheric *leitmotiven* are fun, at times, though nothing like the music for orchestra and voice he whipped up for *Rosenkavalier,* with its earthy pranks and sophisticated nastiness. (Compare lively, lecherous Ochs to dull, saintly Barak to see what routine, nine-to-five composition he heaped onto *Frau.*) Christa Ludwig's femininity rather worked against her Octavian but she made a stage-searing wife in *Frau.* She and Walter Berry, a rousing Barak, are the only one of opera's several husband-and-wife teams that deserves to be hired as a package. Leonie Rysanek, who was also in both works, unleashed her soaring top to good effect as the Empress, but her hollow middle register made the Marschallin's bittersweet asides on life and love sound so portentous these seemed to be issuing from Poe's Raven.

There are better Strauss sopranos around than Rysanek or Reri Grist, the Met's charming but woefully small-voiced Sophie, and two of them—both Americans—caused a sensation at Carnegie Hall when the Boston Symphony, under Erich Leinsdorf, did a brisk, if brittle, concert performance of *Ariadne auf Naxos,* in its original (1912) version. In any version, *Ariadne* is more of Hofmannsthal's undramatic abstract concepts lathered over with a lot of now soured Strauss *schlag.* It's to be tolerated only for its vocal fireworks. Beverly Sills simply stopped the show at Carnegie by breezing through Zerbinetta's fiendish coloratura chores with seeming ease, and Claire Watson, making a belated New York debut, sang with great evenness and warmth in the duller title role. Mr. Bing has done without both ladies for ten years. Let's hope Karajan signs them up. HARRIS GREEN

HAWKING THE BIBLE

THE SCREEN

The question is how real, how truthful, can movies be in portraying real people who are not characters made up by a scriptwriter? I suppose the Maysles Brothers, in their slice-of-life film, their *cinéma-vérité,* their documentary called "Salesman" aim to be as truthful as they possibly can in capturing on celluloid a part of America. For six weeks the Maysles (Albert with his camera, David with his sound equipment) follow four Bible salesmen—on their daily routing in New England territory, in Chicago at a sales convention, in Florida where they are hopefully opening a new territory in a Miami suburb that has Arabian Night street names as fanciful as its own name: Opa Locka. We get to know the four men as they go from door-to-door and their manager too when they meet in motel rooms where they compare notes, sadly or proudly, on their day's take. These are not professional actors in this cast; they are the salesmen themselves and their real customers, practically all of whom are Catholic and, in the Boston area, Irish-Americans.

Although "Salesman" has its amusing moments (what documentary wouldn't have as people expose their weaknesses), the film is mostly on the sad, somewhat depressing side—and always as absorbing as prying into other people's lives is. We get to know Paul Brennan best—a fiftyish man whose sales are falling off, perhaps because he's lost his touch, or he's tired of his job and tries too

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hard, or he no longer agrees with the pep-talk speaker at the convention that selling Bibles makes one rise in his own esteem because "I am about my Father's business."

More sad-sack than Brennan, however, are the prospective customers, most of whom can hardly afford a $50 illustrated Bible that is fabricoid plastic-and-nylon bound—even though "it's washable and outlasts leather four-to-one." Although the salesmen start their pitch with "Father So-and-So sent us," they know that the customer has already shown an interest by signing a card at church so he should at least listen to the spiel with some attention. Listen, most of the slightly embarrassed customers do as they start thinking up reasons for not buying; but they do enjoy the salesman's flattery. Most of these scenes become quite touching and we find ourselves feeling sorry not only for the customer but also for Paul Brennan as he fails again and again.

But we also find ourselves wondering if "Salesman" isn't really divided into three groups of people: the hard-working salesmen, the lower-middle-class potential buyers, *and* the Maysles Brothers whose camera and sound track do not lie. What we see and hear is the truth, but it is a carefully selected truth. Nothing is said about priests who won't allow salesmen to canvass their parishes. And surely some of these prospective customers must have had enough schooling to resist the salesman's line, like the one Paul Brennan springs on the Polish-American woman "It (the Bible) is like a good wine; with age it improves." If the Bible does improve with age, this woman should keep the one she has; it's 100 years old. She finally resists the sale, "If circumstances were different, I'd take it. It's a beautiful work of art." Just how beautiful it is, we don't know—but for 50 bucks, which she can't afford, it should be beautiful beautiful. Brennan protests he doesn't understand her reluctance, and he sadly leaves.

Later in the drab motel room Paul Brennan decides to quit his job and go home. His three buddies watch him pack with a touch of embarrassed sorrow, not only because Paul was so much fun at their gatherings, especially for his imitations of the Irish, but also because when he goes part of them goes too. During the Maysles' absorbing movie I kept thinking of Arthur Miller's play and movie. And at the end of "The Death of a Salesman," Mrs. Loman says to her sons, "Attention must be paid." Attention must be paid to the beaten man in "Salesman," too. And it behooves us to look well at the events in this slice of American life and the whole system.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

BOOKS

Of Stendhal, Lenin, Agee and other worthies, like New York's teachers

Stendhal: Fiction and the Themes of Freedom

VICTOR BROMBERT

Random House, $5.95

Stendhal: Notes on a Novelist

ROBERT M. ADAMS

Funk and Wagnalls, $5.95

WALLACE FOWLIE

Henri Beyle, of Grenoble, Paris and Italy, appropriated a large number of pennames during his lifetime (1783-1842), became known as Stendhal, the name with which he signed his principal works, and left, among these works, two novels, *The Red and the Black* and *The Charterhouse of Parma*, which today are looked upon by many as masterpieces in the art of fiction.

During the past thirty years or so, an imposing number of books and articles about Stendhal have appeared in France and in this country: biographical scholarship (Paul Arbalet), critical scholarship (Martineau, Prévost, Del Litto), critical interpretations of specific works (Gide's preface to *Armance*), and, more recently, several volumes of literary criticism among which the two books under consideration here occupy eminent places. Victor Brombert, professor of French at Yale, in his new study, *Stendhal: Fiction and the Themes of Freedom*, and Robert Adams, professor of English at Cornell, in the reprint of his study, first published in 1959, *Stendhal: Notes on a Novelist*, do not offer "introductions" to Stendhal. Critics tend to call all their works "introductions," but these two volumes, however brief, are too rich in critical *aperçus*, too swift and too oblique in summations of basic information, to help a reader who is looking for an initiation to Stendhal.

Both of these books will delight the knowledgeable reader of Stendhal. They will renew for the scholars and for that host of readers already convinced of Stendhal's importance, the spell that the French writer is able to create and the reasons for the spell. Each book announces its subject with the name Stendhal, followed by a subtitle. Professor Brombert's is long and specific: "fiction and the themes of freedom." Professor Adams' is more concise and more vague: "notes on a novelist." It is obvious that both critics are primarily concerned with describing and assessing Stendhal's art of fiction. But a curious phenomenon always takes place when a critic enamored of Stendhal, as these two critics are, writes on a given topic such

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as the meaning of freedom in Stendhal, or the art of Stendhal the novelist. He ends by speaking of everything, of Henri Beyle's life, of the endlessly fascinating aspects of his character, of the two successful novels and the less successful ones, of the autobiographical and the critical works, of Stendhal's relationship with the 18th-century *philosophes*, with the politics of his day, with Napoleon, Italy, the social customs, with love and art and Cimarosa's music.

The critic can hardly do otherwise. Stendhal is one with all of his writing and all of his activities. No one theme can be followed or understood when it is cut off from the others. Mr. Brombert writes of every book of Stendhal. There are many pages in his study that have no obvious relationship with freedom. But the theme does return at intervals when he considers it as it appears to him in various guises: as "ambiguities" in *Le Rouge et le Noir*, as "dilemmas" in *Lucien Leuwen*, as "exuberance" in *Chroniques italiennes*, and as "poetry" in *La Chartreuse de Parme*.

In this illuminating book, the theme of freedom is given so many interpretations, so many nuances, that I would be inclined to call the book a study of the patterns of Stendhal's imagination as this imagination relates the theme of freedom with the more persistent theme in Stendhal of self-knowledge. Professor Brombert is especially stimulating in his treatment of the role of Italy in Stendhal's life and works. He speaks of the need of a critical work that would present an exhaustive analysis of the subject, but he himself offers a brilliant blueprint for such a future work. Italy provided Stendhal with those values that we associate today with his name: the cult of energy and the generosity of passion.

Mr. Adams' book is already ten years old and it ranks high in Stendhal criticism written in English. It is the wittiest and most entertaining book of literary criticism I know. But under the lightness of tone, a critical mind is constantly at work elucidating and estimating Stendhal. Like Victor Brombert, Robert Adams speaks of all the works of Stendhal and comments in detail on Henri Beyle the man. There is no bibliography listed, but Mr. Adams talks directly to previous critics of Stendhal in appropriate passages in this study. Three topics, related only indirectly to Stendhal's fictional art, receive here fuller treatment than I have seen elsewhere: the biography and ideology of Destutt de Tracy whom Stendhal studied so carefully and looked upon as a friend; the Restoration political figure Montlosier who explains to some degree Stendhal's character of M. de la Mole in *The Red and the Black*; the classicism of Cimarosa's music which helps to explain Stendhal's musical taste and joy of life.

It is a small matter indeed to disagree only with the subtitle of a book. If I tend to call Mr. Brombert's book "a study of Stendhal's imagination," I would tend to call Mr. Adams' book "Stendhal's vision of human nature." The term "freedom," used by Mr. Brombert, and the term "novelist" used by Mr. Adams, might appear to the readers of these books, as they do to me, too arbitrary and almost misleading.

The two critical studies testify to a belief, apparent now for some time in Stendhal criticism, that the felicity of Stendhal's form, the near-perfection of his two best novels, is explicable only by the felicity of Stendhal's nature, by his sense of happiness when he functioned as a writer. Such a belief is not only inherent in these two critical books, it is quite lucidly demonstrated in them. In various ways, they point out the degree to which the politics of Stendhal, his morality, his writer's technique and his aesthetics are so closely related that together they form the same activity, the same preoccupation.

The Teachers Strike—New York, 1968

MARTIN MAYER

Harper & Row, $3.95

MAURICE R. BERUBE

The publication of Martin Mayer's chronicle of last fall's teacher strikes in New York was something of a *cause célèbre*. Commissioned by the New York *Times* magazine and first published in its pages, the Mayer piece delighted union sympathizers and enraged Ocean Hill supporters. What gave Mayer's article notoriety was the *Times*' unprecedented decision to print three fourths of the original article—some 23,000 words, four times longer than any published in the magazine's history.

That decision of the *Times* was, to say the least, ludicrous. Rather than being the definitive version, Mayer's account raises more questions than it answers. And by his strong partisanship, he seriously undermines a solid reputation as a reporter. More important, Martin Mayer, an excellent "fact writer," was perhaps the most unlikely writer to cover such a complex story with its educational, political and social overtones. Assigning him to write the story of Ocean-Hill Brownsville was tantamount to sending Jim Bishop to cover the story of creation. Nevertheless, if read along with such analytical pieces as those by Michael Harrington, *The Teachers Strike* gives a full presentation of the union's case. Moreover, Mayer writes with flair, suspense and force.

There are, however, enough serious omissions, half-truths and distortions to undermine the credibility of the book. In part this is due to Mayer's refusal to examine the controversy from both angles of vision. Consequently, too great a stress is placed on one interpretation, with the unhappy result that there are heroes, villains and a neat devil theory of history.

The facts are by no means so clear. What happened, who did what and why will be the subject of debate for some time to come. Mayer, however, has settled the circumstances of the conflict in his own mind. One experimental school district, in Ocean-Hill Brownsville, led by Rhody McCoy, the unit administrator, and the first elected school board (black) in New York's history deliberately provoked three strikes, the "worst disaster" in Mayer's experience as a New Yorker. This was accomplished by the "firing" of 19 educators, causing the teachers' union, the United Federation

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of Teachers, to retaliate. The local board's action was unwarranted, avoidable and irresponsible.

Mayer's main charge, one previously stated by others, was that McCoy and the local governing board had been offered the chance to transfer out quietly the teachers in dispute. It is worth quoting Mayer in detail on this crucial issue:

> "Setting up a confrontation by dismissing teachers was more difficult than the casual observer might think, because Donovan was ready to help McCoy quietly transfer out people he didn't want, and had indeed offered to do so . . . When McCoy mentioned to Donovan that some people were going to have to go, Donovan told him to send along the names with some notion of the reasons why, all in confidence, and the bureau of personnel would take care of the matter . . . (But) if McCoy had asked Donovan to transfer these people out, most of the confrontation would have been lost."

There are a number of inaccuracies. Superintendent of Schools Donovan's offer was to transfer the teachers out one at a time, at the rate of about four a year. McCoy and the governing board wanted to transfer the teachers as a group—which Donovan opposed—and consequently held suspect Donovan's offer of transfers that would quite possibly take years. And most significant (as Mayer does note) McCoy was not in favor of the transfers; nor was the chairman of the local board, Reverend C. Herbert Oliver. Most of the board members simply wanted to rid themselves of the teachers, without any desire to seek a confrontation with the union or the Board. Unquestionably, the one "confrontationist" who anticipated what would happen was the radical priest Father John Powis, who more than any other man was responsible for the creation of the Ocean-Hill Brownsville school experiment.

Moreover, it was not the Ocean Hill board but the teachers' union that broke the story. The telegrams to the teachers were sent on May 8th and the first story phoned in by union teachers broke in the early edition of the afternoon newspaper while the United Federation of Teachers held a press conference denouncing the "firings." Which should give anyone pause when one realizes that the union had never opposed involuntary transfers, nor was it covered contractually on this type of transfer. Opposed to the community control experiment, Albert Shanker and the union leadership seemed more anxious for a confrontation than were Rhody McCoy and Reverend Oliver. All of which Mayer ignores. He has his villain—McCoy—and his reason—senseless disruption tactics for power.

More likely than not both sides stumbled into the conflict. The community control experiments and the teachers' union were on a collision course for some time, for reasons deeper than that of clashing personalities as Mayer conveniently believes. Simply stated, the union was a growing power in education, the most potent educational force in the city by virtue of its collective strength. On the other hand, the community control experiments represented the growing power of formerly disenfranchised parents. Somewhere something had to give.

Mayer's description of the main actors in the drama reveals neo-colonialist attitudes. Although he has long been on record for some form of lay control of the schools in the big cities, he is uneasy about poor, black laymen making school policy. For Mayer, the Ocean-Hill school board was "very ignorant." Yet he spares school professionals. Myopically, he calls UFT President, Albert Shanker "the leading integrationist in the New York labor movement," which should infuriate those New York City integrationists whom Shanker opposed some years back. (Like many northern liberals, however, Shanker was an outspoken advocate of school integration in the South.) Typically, Mayer's characterization of the protagonists is not so much untrue as partially true.

The larger failure of the book goes beyond the questionable narrative. Nowhere does Mayer seem to understand the significance of the Ocean-Hill Brownsville experiment. Whatever might have been the surface merits of the particular dispute leading to the strikes, the overwhelming reality of Ocean-Hill Brownsville is that currently it represents the only genuine effort to salvage public education. Mayer may disagree. But he should have directed his attack to this basic issue. That he has not done. And without this larger educational and social focus any account of the Ocean-Hill Brownsville confrontation must, in the last analysis, fail to adequately explain those tragic events of last fall.

Encounters With Lenin

NIKOLAY VALENTINOV

Oxford, $7

G. F. HUDSON

The author of these reminiscences of Lenin in exile, who wrote under the pen-name of Valentinov, was Nikolay Vladislavovitvh Volsky, who was born in the province of Tambov in central Russia in 1879 and died in Paris in 1964. Having joined the clandestine Social Democratic Party in 1898 and been three times imprisoned, he illegally crossed the frontier of what was then Austrian Galicia in 1904 in order to avoid another arrest, and journeyed to Geneva, where he met a group of Russian revolutionary exiles which included Plekhanov, Akselrod, Martov, Vera Zasulitch and Lenin. Later he returned to Russia and after the Revolution, although not a Bolshevik, he edited for several years the periodical organ of the Supreme Council of the National Economy. He emigrated to Paris in 1928, when it was still relatively easy to get out of Russia and lived in exile for the rest of his life. In 1953 he published in Russian in New York a book of memoirs giving a detailed account of his contact with Lenin in Geneva; a French translation appeared in 1964, but the English-reading world has had to wait until now, four years after the death of the author, for this very valuable contribution to our knowledge of Lenin's life in the crucial period of the split between Menshevik and Bolshevik.

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When Volsky arrived in Geneva he had a strong bias in favor of Lenin. As a student of nineteen, he and his friends in an underground group in Kiev had been deeply impressed by Lenin's *What is to be Done?* When rumors reached the Social Democrats in Kiev of a serious conflict among the leaders in exile in Switzerland, those who already admired Lenin on account of this book tended to take his side without knowing the details of the quarrel, and Volsky admits that his predilection for Lenin was increased by personal antipathy towards one of the Kiev party members who went under the pseudonym of Alexander and who bitterly criticized Lenin. When Volsky heard in prison at the end of November 1904 that Lenin had had to leave the editorial board of *Iskra,* he considered it as a *"coup d'état,"* amounting to "the denial of everything we had thought and done under the influence of *Iskra* from 1901 onwards."

Thus he arrived in Geneva as an enthusiastic supporter of Lenin at a time when the latter was in a depressed state of mind owing to the opposition to him among the *émigrés*, and for a time he was in high favor with Lenin who engaged in long conversations with him regarding him as a most promising pupil. An irrevocable break came, however, not directly on a political issue, but on a philosophical one. Volsky had studied philosophy and was deeply interested in the school of epistemological theory of which Mach and Avenarius were the outstanding representatives; he lent Lenin books by these two writers, but Lenin, in spite of what Volsky considered a quite insufficient understanding of philosophical method, dismissed them with extreme contempt, and when Volsky defended them, flew into a rage and finally broke off all personal relations. The notes which Lenin wrote after a very cursory inspection of the books and showed to Volsky were the basis of the book *Materialism and Empiriocriticism* which he wrote later in 1908. "Up to that time," according to Volsky, "Lenin's works had contained no reference to philosophical problems. That is why I should never have thought before reading his memorandum that he could be so shallow and puerile in this field."

Certainly *Materialism and Empiriocriticism* is not a work of which Lenin's admirers can be proud, and one can only wonder why, without any previous training in philosophy, he was so anxious at this time to enter the field of purely philosophical debate and lay down the law about it even to the extent of intolerantly denouncing one of his own political supporters. The answer seems to lie in the development during this period of Lenin's conception of himself as the only man fit to lead the Russian Social Democrats to revolutionary victory and as, therefore, entitled to require of his followers complete submission to his views not merely on political tactics but over the whole range of ideology. What really caused the split among the exiles in Geneva was opposition to Lenin's increasing endeavor to build up a personal authority for himself in the party. One of his opponents at the time accused him of wanting to introduce into the party "a discipline comparable to that which prevails in the barracks of the Preobrazhensky Regiment of His Majesty's Guards." Lenin, according to Volsky, never doubted that "the conductor's baton" rightfully belonged to him because there was nobody else in the party capable of providing adequate leadership; this was accepted in his entourage among whom "Bolshevism seemed somehow to imply a kind of oath of loyalty to Lenin, a vow to follow his lead unquestioningly."

In all this Volsky amplifies and confirms what was previously known about the origins of the Bolshevik-Menshevik conflict without adding anything fundamentally new. Where Volsky does really throw new light on Lenin is in his record of Lenin's own admission of his political debt to Chernyshevsky. Volsky says he was astonished at Lenin's admiration for Chernyshevsky, "a writer whom I did not like and set no store by." Volsky states that Lenin told him that Chernyshevsky had "completely transformed my outlook" and that his writings provided "inspiration for a lifetime." Volsky says that this was indeed news to him because he had always supposed that it was Marx who had transformed Lenin's outlook, a belief which has, of course, been an essential part of Soviet and Communist hagiography ever since the October Revolution. Lenin, according to Volsky, was normally very reticent and secretive about his own past life, but was moved to these reminiscences by a disparaging remark Volsky made about Chernyshevsky; this was before the quarrel over empirocriticism, when Lenin still regarded Volsky as a devoted follower to whom he could talk freely. Volsky's account is a most important piece of evidence pointing to the Narodnik origins of Lenin's special political outlook.

The Collected Poems of James Agee

EDIT. ROBERT FITZGERALD

Houghton Mifflin, $4.95

The Collected Short Prose of James Agee

EDIT. ROBERT FITZGERALD

Houghton Mifflin, $5.95

VICTOR A. KRAMER

These books are intelligently edited, and Robert Fitzgerald's affectionate memoir in the prose volume, one of the clearest things ever written about Agee, shows what a complicated and captivating person he was. As editor and close friend, he makes no apologies for the writing. He is correct. Neighborhood kids, Fitzgerald recalls, chalked "The Man Who Lives Here is a Loony" on Agee's front steps; the variety of these writings could suggest a kind of madness, but this diverse work stands as solid accomplishment.

Agee always wrote with enthusiastic involvement. Therefore *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* took five years to grow from an assignment to write a *Fortune* article about a tenant farm family, and must ultimately be read as a lyric. The best fiction, especially the posthumous *A Death in the Family*, is focused upon a poignant remembrance

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of childhood. And the film criticism always reflects an alert and open mind. These collections of writings by a young artist who wrote rather traditional poetry as an undergraduate, and dreamed unusual projects while left-handedly writing excellent prose for *Fortune,* prove him a capable writer. But the material, notably that written while Agee was still in his twenties, indicates that ordinary techniques did not provide ways to explore his varied interests. The plans and experimentation behind these writings show a capable intellect open to new possibilities for analyzing and experiencing the world. This prose and poetry are in large part a record of his working out ways of writing which were best for his diverse enthusiasms.

The outline of "Plans for Work: October 1937," part of a second but futile attempt to secure a Guggenheim, is an outrageous series of plans which shows the immensity of his ambition. It is precisely the kind of application an analytical judge of applications would ignore. Yet many ideas are sound, even though projects suggested are usually unrelated to traditional art: study of letters, a dictionary of key words, the wish to consider city streets and hotel rooms *"in their own terms,* not as decoration or atmosphere for fiction," a study of "the inanimate and non-human by word, sound and moving picture." Such excitement about the world as opposed to "art" enlives most of the prose collected here.

The books show Agee, as poet, developing experimental prose forms which allow him to express more readily a concern for persons and the world. In "Southeast of the Island: Travel Notes," a sharp eye and precise language combine to suggest the pathos of Brooklyn. It relies heavily upon stacking images:

> Williamsburg: where from many mileages of the jungle of voided land, small factories, smokestacks, tenements, homes of irregular height and spacing, the foci are returned upon the eye, the blown dome and trebled crossage Greek church, and those massive gasoline reservoirs which seems to have more size than any building can.

This is the mode of *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men.* Both anguish and amusement fuse to make an image of Brooklyn, a farm used to produce persons for Manhattan.

Two early stories which show Agee's sure grasp of emotion are back in print here. One, "Death in the Desert," evokes a picture of a cocky undergraduate by juxtaposing his witty mental wanderings with the realization that abstractions are not preparation for the shocks of living. It is one thing to abstract, and another to feel. The story builds to a point where a desperate hitchhiker is ignored on a lonely road because he is Negro, and a self-confident narrator is temporarily unnerved. A juxtaposition of ways of experiencing is at the core of this story, and the same technique informs the later fable "A Mother's Tale" as well.

This tale is succinct but complex. Here a mother cow tells calves the somber truth of what it means to be raised and sent to market ("the Ultimate purpose of Man"); but the mother tells these facts with a naive simplicity proper for her. The horror of impending slaughter which awaits most cows is glossed over by the realization that such unhappy facts have to be ignored if one is to have a happy bovine existence.

A satiric piece like "Dedication Day" reveals other facets of Agee's humor. The bitter satire is a wildly imaginative account of dedicatory ceremonies for the monument commemorating the first historic use of atomic energy. (It is also a parody of news magazine style. Fittingly, Agee was doing stories for *Time* about the time it was written.) The sketch shows his concern that postwar America was losing any respect for

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REVIEWERS

WALLACE FOWLIE is James B. Duke professor of French at Duke University.

MAURICE R. BERUBE is a Staff Associate at the Institute for Community Studies at Queens College in New York.

G. F. HUDSON is the author of *50 Years of Communism* (Basic Books).

VICTOR A. KRAMER teaches at Marquette University in Wisconsin.

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individualism. The piece uses a grim kind of humor: an otherwise perfect day is marred by the embarrassing action of an elderly scientist who helped to perfect the bomb. He felt remorse.

Much of this prose, then, shows a compelling interest in the world. That same concern led Agee almost automatically to the camera, for he realized that, used properly, it could make the world's beauty (and horror) more apparent. Two early sketches for films are collected here, and each is as precise in method as the later scenarios for which Agee has been praised. *Man's Fate* (1939) is an adaptation of the scene from Malraux's novel where the hero waits to be thrown by the Nationalists into the boiler of a locomotive. Fitzgerald says Malraux "thought again when he read the Agee script."

Although he sought ways of seeing the world without the encumbrance of "art," his earliest work is traditional. This is seen in the *Poems* (where *Permit Me Voyage* [1933] is reprinted along with poems written mainly before 1940). Agee's early poems, says Fitzgerald, reflect a "preparation of spirit," and are at the core religious. The most interesting poems are those which reveal an active mind and an interest in innovation. "Dedication," a long prose-poem, is such an experiment. It is a naming of persons, living and dead, who influenced the writer for good and evil and a catalogue of the interconnectedness of things. In addition, it is a prayer in which rules are thrown away and emotions sing.

Perhaps the rather formal verses which the younger Agee wrote seemed, to the more mature writer, too literary or out of contact with reality. At any rate he wrote little poetry in a traditional manner once he left Harvard. The poetry volume does include some poems done after 1933. The best of these have an immediacy about them such as "Sunday: Outskirts of Knoxville, Tennessee," which begins:

There, in the earliest and chary spring,
  the dogwood flowers.
Unharnessed in the friendly sunday air
By the red brambles, on the river bluffs,
Clerks and their choices pair.

Thrive by, not near, masked all away
  by shrub and juniper,
The ford v eight, racing the chevrolet.

They can not trouble her:

Her breasts, helped open from the
  afforded lace,
Lie like a peaceful lake;
And on his mouth she breaks her
  gentleness:

Oh, wave them awake!

It is no accident that many of the good later poems imply memories of childhood and Tennessee, just as the best fiction does. An experiment such as the long "John Carter" (Part III of *Poems*), an attempt to survey the American landscape in Byronic stanzas, fails because the poet's personality does little to form it.

Agee saw clearly and wrote well in different manners. Such is the merit of these varied writings. He provides clear images of his world, and these images are always the many-faceted expression of a complex vision.

Martin Luther King's Theology

RELATIVISM so pervades the world today that conflict, even violent conflict, is glorified not only by the extreme right and the extreme left; it has been increasingly structured into the whole fabric of modern culture. Faced with this demonic tendency, the Church must oppose relativism with a faith which will open it to a transcending redemptive reality. . . .

The most important proponent of a theology of reconciliation was Martin Luther King, who developed this theological principle into a new method for effecting social change. In his theology, therefore, faith affirms reconciliation in opposition to the relativism that denies its possibility. In intellectual discussion, faith hopes for agreement and not only dialogue. In war, faith expects and works for peace. In economic struggle, it calls for the common good. In the working together of churches, it anticipates ecumenical reunion. In all these acts, faith affirms something relativism cannot see, i.e., the power of divine unity working in all things to reconcile the ideological conflict generated by relativism itself. . . .

—*Herbert Warren Richardson,* Commonweal, *May 3, 1968*

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 187)

ther is one of sadness. Recent articles of a similar bent have evoked reactions of incredulity, but the increasingly harsh and destructive tone of subsequent ones, including this one, instill a depressing note of *déjà vu.*

The history of reform consistently shows faults on both the part of authority and of members. How often, though, has it been true, in both religious and political reformations, that jacobin elements, thinking only to do good, have, by rupturing continuity, landed their poor clients in a more repressive and boxed-in situation than existed before.

The thought of "boys in the battle jackets" selling church property and

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evicting "the hierarchy and its minions" is surely a sweet one. Just how would Danton and Robespierre handle themselves after being established in Washington's St. Matthew's Cathedral?

Sophomoric references to "Daddy" are not reassuring endorsements of the qualifications of this proposed leadership.

Perhaps the institution has falsely usurped the symbols of the Church. I cannot see, however, how a community, even if it is empowered to "gather itself, write its own liturgy, and ordain its own celebrants" can do so without some channels of power and legitimacy. Government by enthusiasm may lead to a short-lived springtime of evangelical spirit, but soon degenerates into a nightmare of factionalism and fratricide.

Let it be conceded that the presently constituted authority is foot-dragging, is reneging on Vatican II. The solution is not destruction of the whole society. Rather it lies in patient and steady effort to hook up properly the power and authority which resides in the whole Church with the individuals who personify that authority. Then authority will not exist abstractly in a self-perpetuating group ("hierarchy and their minions") but will rise out of the Church itself with the consent of the governed. Once so constituted it will be legitimately constituted.

All of which lends further urgency to the need for meaningful action at next fall's Roman Synod. Failure to implement at least some significant reform in a collegial setting will lead to further weakening of confidence in the ability of authority to lead. A resulting increase in the destructive mood of critics will then be a fault shared with a rigid and unyielding leadership.

PHILIP PORTZ, M.D.

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: I would hate to be the one to disillusion Rosemary Ruether ["A New Church"], but real utopians, those who turn their own spirits first away from warlike and worldlike things and then approach others, do not generally need drugs, expensive accoutrements like rock instruments, elitist clothing/merchandise, and other totems of the New Life. When you put on sackcloth, you do not flaunt it before the world. Nor do you preach or practice violence. Or seek the truth in jimcrack sessions at the local esalenorama, or any other substitute for the unpleasant, lonely, boring, difficult process of locating oneself and the directions from that point on. I guess the hippies are pretty, and I like rock better than Popes, but there is a tone of arrogance and jehad self-righteousness about the whole bit with Ruether, Berrigan and all that frightens me. The persecutions the Albigensi carried out within their holy community were exceeded only by their repression by the Church. Not to take sides, you see. Only, don't exchange one evil institutionalized for one inchoate as of now. The trouble with spiritual reformers is that they very rarely allow room for further reform and growth—the Kingdom is here; we have brought it—don't muck about with it!

Well, good luck and keep it up. I am off to St. Matthew's for the teach-in on racism—why don't you radicals come to the SE ghetto in DC and help us once in a while? ELLEN KOMER

Vatican Business

North Olmsted, Ohio

To the Editors: . . . Now, I bring up Leonard J. Berry's article "Il Papa and the Pill [March 28] with some distaste. The use of "Il Papa" and not "The Pope" or "Pope Paul" or "Paul VI" is deliberate disrespect, inexcusable, even in a dynamic American writer like Berry. These men: Leo XIII, Pius IX, Pius X, Pius XI, Pius XII, John XXIII, Paul VI, are different. They do more over a longer period of time! Secondly, the Vatican cannot dictate what takes place in the bedrooms of the world, where future hierarchies and incisive men of letters are ultimately conceived. Thirdly, the business holdings of the Vatican are not Berry's business; this was the legitimate concern of Vatican II and the Council of Bishops. The economic interests of any nation is not a pleasant topic. The earning of income is a *hard* matter, indeed, on earth.

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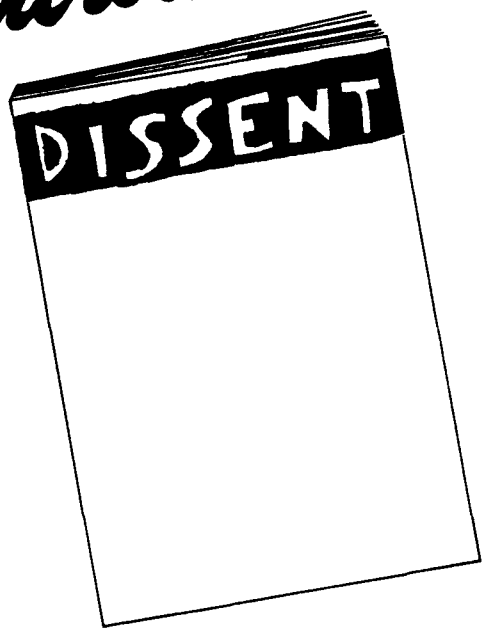

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